
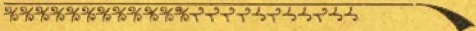





JACOB KLODSLOE,


ONE OF THE NOBODIES.



How he came home from the war—how
he grew up and into it.




(Copyrighted by)
A. H. YEAGER, Publisher.



Cleburne Texas, 1899.

T. L. SANDERS, Printer.



**This book was scanned in June 2018
by M. I. Jacobson. As an out-of-copyright
book, it may be freely reprinted or the pdf
version may be distributed without charge
or fee.**

**This book is the autobiography of
Abraham H. Yeager, although it is
written to appear as fiction.**

A FEW WORDS TO BEGIN WITH.

In the fall of 1898, business called me to one of the southwestern states. The exact point I wished to reach was several miles off the railroad, so that after a long journey by rail, I had yet some leagues of travel before me when I arrived at the station nearest my destination. Having hired a saddle horse from the livery stable, and made some inquiries about the way, I rode off at a brisk walk. The road was uneven and not much traveled, but there was a vigorous air, and the ride, though lonely, was not without its pleasant side. The route lay along a considerable stream that wound in and out among a series of hills, and was shaded along its banks, by tall elms and pecans, and a few gnarled willows, with here and there a cottonwood.

Pretty views chased one another along as I advanced. Now a dense growth of tree and vine, gorgeous in the hues of autumn, then an open through which the clear river gleamed; mirroring below the border trees and the blue sky. Once I passed a vine clad bluff out of whose rugged side grew a huge willow, its top limbs dead and the bark peeled off. An eagle sat on the highest branch picking its feathers, but with a shriek, soared away as I drew near. I jogged leisurely on, now admiring the scenery, now pondering the business that had drawn me hither, now hurrying thought after thought from one thing to another, till my mind glided into a half reverie, and took up again for the hundredth time a train of idea,

that had persistently pushed themselves in my way of late.

The subject of my cogitation might be well put in this text of scripture: "The children of thy people say, the way of the Lord is not equal; but as for them their way is not equal." After this fashion I communed with myself:

"The many sow but all the profit of the harvest goes to a very limited few. Perhaps it will always be so, still I like to think there will sometime come a golden age wherein there will be no selfishness but the rather wherein each shall regard his fellow as a brother—in honor preferring one another.

"While a few have many distinctions and honors crowded upon them and are made much of, the millions of earth come and go, leaving no distinctive name. Each is merely one of the infinity of numbers having no more of separate individuality in history than one drop of the ocean has from its fellow. The common people may be reckoned by generations, as during this age men began to cultivate the soil and to build permanent dwellings; in that age pastoral life prevailed; in another age society began to formulate civil laws. The real builders who evolve the world's progress out of their brain and brawn, are without a name, they are nobodies. Those who sit on the high places of history were lifted there by the nobodies. The famous warriors and statesmen were the ones shrewd enough to detect the popular current, and endowed with the wit to state clearly to the people their own desires. The millions think slowly but overwhelmingly, give them only the time. The lucky leader puts their thoughts in words, or pushes them to achievement and history gives him the credit for the wisdom of his generation. Not a great

poet or orator has ever gone beyond the thought and feeling of the multitude of his people. His gift of language enabled him only to embody forth the common aspiration and hope of his time. The men without a name built the pyramids. History describes them as number 1, 2, 3, * * * * * 100,000, otherwise as nameless as the generations unborn. They are the nobodies that left the mummied Pharaohs to be a spectacle for the museums of this money getting age. What fame can Caesar boast, that is not founded on the patriotism and courage of the Roman legions and the transition state of thought among the Roman people? Even when the Lord of heaven came down to earth it was the nobodies that heard him gladly and that have since upheld his kingdom.

"As continents are built up by the dying and renewing life of the coral, the process to be measured, not by days, but only from age to age, so has civilization been advanced by this generation of men dying and leaving the little it has done to be added to in small part by the next. After centuries have gone by the work can be measured, but the workers are as much in oblivion as the coral life that fulfilled its mission before the age of man.

"There are biographies upon biographies of those who have walked on the high places of the earth's renown. Men have delved among musty records for facts and brought to bear transcendent literary art, to make heroes out of only ordinary humanity. Much of history is but the flattery of courtiers, and its record leaves out a great deal that would be most valuable to the student of civilization. The detailed, every day diary of the life of a single unknown workman on the pyramids would be more useful to the world than a complete chronicle of the acts of a Pharaoh.

"Writers have not hesitated to enter the realm of fiction to put a glamor over the name of Washington, and tho he has been dead but a century, his real character is still the subject of violent dispute between such as would make him an impossible hero, and others who are content to let him remain a man.

"The biographers of Lincoln have instituted a rivalry as to which could go into the detail, and follow up his career from lisping childhood, with the greatest variety of incidents. It is a remarkable fact that his growing up developed many traits that were quite common to the other boys of his day. It seems to me that those other boys, though nameless before the world, were as necessary to Mr. Lincoln as he to them. The million unrecorded workers generated the omnipotence of power that made his career possible. The thought energy was at first the tiniest germ nurtured only among the lowly and even the outcast. The obscure teacher carried it to the log school house; the circuit rider spread it to the back woods; the village doctor prescribed it to his patients; and having been wrought up to an irresistible force, it was harnessed to that ponderous engine the plain people and Mr. Lincoln put in charge. He was the engineer that let on steam here, applied the brake there, now steadying for a curve, looking out for an obstruction, alert, cool, knowing the danger, but courageous to encounter it—an admirable guide for the time; but he merely put the capstone on what others had builded. I know those builders were the nobodies, but the world would have slipped a cog without them.

"Shakespear is great only as he mirrors a common humanity; and yet the meanest human soul shuts in infinitely more than even Shakespear's inspired pen has been able to reveal.

"It is related as a thing of wonder that Tennyson, when an old man, loved children and once pointed his cane at some school boys and barked like a dog to make them laugh. I have known several old men who were not famous, do exactly the same thing, and no one thought it remarkable. There seems to be an idea abroad that a man who has won a name in the world is above common humanity, and men affect surprise when he betrays ordinary human feeling. Why clap the hands when Tom says boo, and not also for Dick and Harry?

"Dewey, Schley and Hobson are on the tongues of the people. The nobodies sent them to school and trained them and equipped them and when the hour came they did their duty. Had chance picked out quite another set of men and with equal preparation, put them in charge the duty would have been performed equally well. There are no degrees in duty. The admiral and the stoker do alike merely that which was their duty to do; no more; no less. And it is everything; life has nothing beyond it. To the admiral the plaudit is 'well done good and faithful servant;' to the coal shoveler it is well done good and faithful servant.' To one and the other the commendation is 'faithful over a few things' and the reward is the same 'the joy of thy Lord'. The best that the greatest can do is but to be faithful over a few things, and he that is faithful in the least is at the top of human endeavor.

"There is a sham sentiment abroad that affects to do justice to the 'men behind the guns' but it expends itself at a distance and is content to let the men have putrid meat to eat and when sick to give them conveyance home or to the grave in filthy cattle stalls; but beauty spreads flowers on the path of the

great captain, society fawns and flatters, the public falls down and worships.

"God hath made of one blood all the people that dwell upon the earth." Each life is his breath and therefore of equal worth

"Perhaps a little more study of the lives of the common people, the nobodies of history would do the world more good than so much hero worship. There are more plain people than famous ones.

"May be a Plutarch will one day arise to put in enduring brass the life of one of the nobodies; but not till the world learns to appreciate him."

The afternoon came and was waning as I jogged leisurely on, absorbed in these thoughts. My feelings were wrought to a considerable pitch, so much so that I spoke the last words aloud and the sound of of my voice called me to myself. The sinking sun warned me of the necessity of securing a stopping place for the night and need of haste put an end to musings. Having rounded a quick turn of the stream, in the distance, I beheld a farmhouse on a high hill, almost hidden by trees. It proved to be farther off than it seemed, the clear air making the distance deceptive; but while the sun's disc was yet only half hidden behind the line of the horizon, I drew up at the gate, and asked for a night's lodging. A middle aged man came out and bade me get down, and gave me a hearty welcome to the shelter of his home. As we walked slowly towards the door, exchanging a few words as to the weather, my day's ride, and like conventionalities, I mentioned my name. My host turned abruptly and gave me a quick, eager look, and then as if sensible of doing an absurd thing, recovered himself, and remarked that he had known a ——— in his college days, but had lost run of

him, and that he, like himself, must be getting along in years. They had been great chums in their youth, he said, and classmates at school, but the civil war had put them apart, and each had since gone his own way, not knowing what had become of the other.

"I am ——'s son," I cried, much pleased at the fortune which had sent me to my father's friend of his youth, "and I am sure," I continued, "you are Mr. Jacob Klodsloe, whose name is almost a household word in our family, so often has my father spoken of you, and deplored the long separation."

My host took me by the hand, and for a minute seemed to go back in memory, while he scanned my features for traces of resemblance to the boy friend of long ago. If he saw what he looked for he made no sign, but there was no lack of demonstrations of pleasure at my coming. His wife also was pleased to give me the little attentions that, to a stranger in a strange land, serves to banish homesickness and loneliness. One of the boys rode my horse to the stable and piled its manger with fodder, oats and hay.

After these preliminaries and a refreshing bath, I sat down with the family to a good supper of fried chicken, and ham and eggs, and butter, and creamy milk, and biscuit, preserves, syrup, honey, et cetera. I had an appetite sharpened by a long ride in the crisp October air, and the home feeling that had come suddenly, after the exile sensation of a lonely journey in a strange land, made it one of the most delightful festal hour's of my life. Good cheer was over all, and our tongues ran glib and free. After supper was cleared away my host took the family bible and read the twelfth chapter of Romans and, all kneeling, prayed a tender, confiding prayer to our heavenly father. The younger members of the house-

hold now retired for the night. The father was longing to hear more from his old friend, and taking seats before a blazing wood fire in the sitting room, he proceeded to ask questions in rapid succession, which I answered as best I could. Having drawn me dry, he grew gradually confidential and began to tell about his own career after the college parting, at the beginning of the civil war, and by easy degrees branched off into tales of his early boyhood, his later youth, and his checkered pilgrimage in the west, since he had come to be a family man. His simple tale recalled what had been passing through my mind during the day, and it occurred to me that as a story of one of the common millions it might merit the telling to an audience of the common people like himself, not in a way to please the literary critics, but so as to enlist the sympathy of a common humanity. If it should give one here and there, whose life is full of toil, a moment or two of interesting reading, the writer will be satisfied.

This unpretentious narrative is about one of the nameless thousands who came upon the scene in the early forties, accepted his obscure lot with cheerfulness, and as best he could did the duties that fell to hand, leaving results to an All-wise Providence. He was a part of the events narrated and in these details will be found a correct outline of life as it existed in a portion of this country half a century ago. It shows the country boy, and how he grew and made, and was made by his surroundings. He was one of the unknown cecal builders—who having done his little part, gave way to his successor, but certain that with his cotemporaries, tho' each added but an atom, the sum of it all was a fifty years of unexampled progress. It would be according to the real

facts, to call this tale an autobiography, tho' it goes for the present, no further than the boyhood of its subject. At the very start the narrative breaks the unity of time, skipping the first years and beginning at the civil war, for that was the event of life to that generation which is now fast passing away. With them dates were reckoned backward and forward from the war.

As a rule the old soldiers love to tell their war experiences, but my host referred to that period with apparent repugnance, and related but a single incident of the last year of the contest, and it was the last service he rendered as a confederate soldier. As he proceeded with the recital, it was as if he were again looking at the charging regiments, and hearing the crash of musketry and the shock of cannon.

Encouraged by my close attention he went on uninterruptedly :



CHAPTER I.

Taken Prisoner

The war was nearing the close. The Union armies on every side were closing in, tightening the coil like an immense boa around the struggling, dying confederacy. The end was inevitable to all except the sanguine southerner. He was blind—immerced in a totally depraved darkness. He was entirely honest in his blindness, actually believing that in some way, miraculous if you please, but in some way, events would take a turn and defeat be changed to victory. It was this kind of confidence that prevailed among the private soldiers of the confederacy in 1864. The spring of that year opened the hardest campaign of the war. It was fight all day. Possible it was retreat all night. Always the rations were coarse and scant, eaten under fire or along the march, but in those brave hearts there was never a moment of doubt or a throb of disloyalty. The men would have scorned a peace not fully recognizing the independence of the confederacy. Giving up the struggle was not an event to be thought of. The leaders of the cause were no more doggedly determined never to yield, nor were they more reponsible for the further continuing of the struggle than were the half fed, half clothed and more than half depleted brigades of the rank and file. All were but parts working to an end—God's end, and He was to take His own time. He that sets up and pulls down kingdoms is never in a hurry. He orders events and takes time to discipline men for them when they come. The war must have

a moral preparation for the end, as well as a physical ending. Peace with a quarter of a million confederate soldiers turned loose, still unsubdued in spirit, would have made a situation much different from the one upon which the nation looked at Appomattox. After that event the fight was out of the southern soldier. He had with some bravado, chosen a fight to be the test, and though humiliated by the result, he cried "enough" and meant it. His physical drubbing was complete, and his spirit was equally subdued to an acceptance of the result in all good conscience. Old ideas that had grown into his being as part of it, were dugged out by the roots and others substituted; and they were accepted without reserve. The long drawn out discipline finally brought him to the point of full surrender and absolute submission. From that moment he turned his back on a past that had been very real. He renewed his vows to the Union, and never after that day meditated violence to those vows, any more than he had harbored treason to the confederacy during its brightest days. Loyal by nature, his heart might bleed for a lost cause, but he would never betray when once he had plighted his word. Some say the war might have been ended sooner. There are no might have beens with Providence. They are all has beens. His plans are rounded out to completeness only by using both the "has beens" and the "might have beens" of men. The struggle closed at the right time and in the right way. It has been avered that an earlier peace was offered together with payment for the slaves, and that it should have been accepted. Mr. Lincoln's character is inconsistent with this statement. He was a man of the common people, and it is incredible that he should have favored terms of peace which

inured to the benefit of the minority wealthy people, the slave owners who were the leaders of the war, while the great majority, though willingly followers, still but followers, received no recompense. The confederate soldier would have felt outraged at a submission conditional on payment for the slaves, and such a peace would have been a stigma on all having to do with it.

From the foregoing can be gathered something of the thought and feeling that moved and impelled the private soldier of the confederacy, when the fourth year of the bloody struggle opened. That year was to be and was a battle of battles. From March to November was one fight, but it was not in these that the confederate cause was lost. With the South, the deciding battle of the war was the first Manassas. There the fates played us false. The war was begun as a picnic. Those at the head utterly misconceived the crisis. They never realized that it was to be real war till the day of salvation was gone by. The feeling of security was confirmed by the success at Manassas. That the contest would be short was then certain, as reasoned out at Richmond. Col. M—— of a Tennessee regiment on the way to the front, missing the fight, said regretfully, "I would have given ten years of my life to have been in that battle," so sure was he that it was the last great battle of the war. Instead of organizing the army, collecting supplies and developing resources the authorities were congratulating themselves on their easy task, waiting to receive peace proposals from Washington, and deliberating as to the best way of going about the discharge of soldiers already enlisted. A vigorous, rapid, offensive sweep of the armies of the confederacy before the north found out that its own

people were really in earnest for the war, might have made an impression. On the contrary inaction prevailed. Manassas was bigger with fate than Gettysburg. About two years of the only time the south could have used with the least hope of success, passed in delays and self confidence. When the situation dawned on the chiefs, it was too late to retrieve neglect. The slow earnestness, purposeful method and unyielding determination of federal power, without hurry, remorseless as fate, crushed opposition and tramped to victory. Like the stag at bay, the south fought desperately, but with no chance to win.

Unequal as the contest was, the confederate soldier went on fighting and trusting. At night he lay with his head on his cartridge box and his gun by his side. The whistle of rifle balls lulled him to sleep, and the boom of cannon awoke him in the morning. Spring was drawn into summer as one army slowly retreated southward, the other ever upon its rear or flank. The last days of June were come. Our men lay in the burning trenches. A shell came through the bank and exploded. One man had a foot torn off. Directly word was brought that one of the water detail had been killed. He was a boy of fifteen years. A shell had exploded and sent a dozen small slugs through his body. Maiming and death every day, every hour, even at the times when no great battles were going on. The lull of battle was not a time free from shot and shell. To kill and be killed was the business on hand. That is what we were all there for. Those beautiful June days smiled upon the hideous work.

On the 26th day of the month, I was one of the detail to do duty on the picket line. Earthworks

were erected on the brow of a hill, meeting at a right angle on a slight ridge that extended down the declivity like the comb of a hip roof. Half a mile beyond the breastworks the federal forces were entrenched along hastily erected lines of logs and earth. Between was a woods, some places open and at others densely grown with underbrush. Our pickets were stationed about three hundred paces advance of the main line. The men were placed in rifle pits by two's and left to themselves to guard the fortunes of a nation. The risk and the responsibility combine to make a heavy care on him who takes on himself the dangerous duty. The pit of myself and fellow was exactly oposite the angle of the breastworks and not one hundred yards from the nearest federal line of battle, though the dense undergrowth concealed it altogether from view. The other rifle pits bore off to the right and left, receding farther and farther from the enemy. The day was fair and the woods seemed to be of a brighter green than usual. There was even a lull in the picket firing and only an occasional random boom of cannon. The federals seemed willing, for some reason, to encourage a truce. But where the leaves did not obstruct, coats of blue could been seen slowly moving about and hiding from bush to tree. Sometimes there was the gallant uniform of an officer, and now and then a not loud voice of command. The thickly leaved bushes shut out most of the view, but enough appeared to betoken a move of importance. The day closed however, without an advance. At night an officer visited the pickets and enjoined unusual watchfulness. How still the night is. We take time about watching. "Boom!" Away to the left speeds the death dealing shell, its fuse sputtering a dim white light in its wake.

"Zip," the swift minnie is come and gone and perhaps another life is gone out. Still? yes, except for those random shots which but emphasize the stillness. Still as death literally. For the one who may be shot to death at any moment, is going to be still if he believes being still will save him. The night at length dragged through the anxious, heavy hours. The dawn was as lovely as that which followed first the advent of the Prince of Peace, and breathed good will upon earth as if man were not about to mar it all with blood and carnage. The sun came up in glorious splendor and his level rays cast a charming mellow light over the verdure of tree and shrub. The serene beauty of that early morning is yet a vivid picture of memory—the golden sunshine, and the blue sky and the barrier of trees and bushes clothed in green, just across a narrow open space or glade that divided our picket post from the hostile army. So nature paints. Man makes the background of it all hideous with his passions. Suddenly the bushes swayed and shook violently for a moment and then not twenty paces away flashed a gleaming line of federal bayonets. Another followed close after and then another. Quicker than the telling, the first line was on our picket post. There was no chance of escape. The color bearer waved his flag over us and moved on. The other lines advanced in order. It was a grand spectacle. Three columns of blue, daring, eager, expectant, sweep towards the crest of the hill. Brave men going to sure death. It was a mistake. The point could not be taken and if carried was not worth the cost. On the right, on the left, in the center stood men who knew how to use small arms in battle. They were protected. They had all the advantage. The assailants could only come

up and be shot—shot from the front, shot from the left flank, shot from the right flank enfiladed with bursting shells, bayoneted from the breastworks. The field of Franklin alone, of all the war, witnessed a more daring charge. Death drank of blood to drunkenness that day. Men fell like autumn leaves, by twos, by fours, by dozens, man on man went down, men on men—four deep—six deep. A general falls, a colonel, officers, men. Slaughtered they were. The field was afterwards called the dead angle by the confederates. Such was a battle fought on the 27th day of June 1864, near Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia.

I was captured on the picket line and after a brisk trip by rail, was landed in Camp Douglass, July 1864.

From week to week the prison population was increased by the bringing of new captives. One night, when summer was gone and there was a white snow on the ground, a batch of forlorn looking fellows from Hood's army, captured at Nashville, thinly clad, half barefoot, and shivering in the cold starlight, was brought in. Among the names on the roll were two from my own company, "X" of the—th regiment, Seth Mors and Mark Hanie. The latter was a fellow of expedients, and ever on the lookout for something better. In camp he always had an extra dainty for his mess. Before tents could be well pitched, after a day's march, he was out, and back with a chicken, or a canteen of molasses, or a lot of potatoes, or a piece of fresh pig. The darkest night and the densest forest were together unequal to the task of putting him off his course. The longest forced march left him still fresh for a few miles scouting after "grub." It was then no great matter of surprise that Mark Hanie was nowhere to be found

when I set out to hunt him up next morning among the new arrivals. I talked with Mors, and was assured that Mark had been with the squad the evening of its arrival in the box cars. His absence could not be accounted for, but he was gone.

He afterwards related to me the manner of his escape. The prisoners were crowded in box cars, and it was quite dark when the train arrived at the station. There were no lights at hand, and even matches seem to have been wanting. The prisoners were ordered from the cars, and were commanded to form in line on a sidetrack. A guard remained in the car till all were supposed to be out. Then he went round the sides of the car, jabbing the corners with his bayonet, and raking the walls round about till every foot of space had been gone over. Convinced that none remained he, too, got out, and presently the train moved away, and the prisoners were marched to camp. Mark Hanie, concealed by the friendly darkness, was still in the car. He had seized the iron rod overhead and, swinging himself close to the roof of the car, so remained without detection. He said he swung there with a pleasant feeling of security till the bayonet began to stick into the sides and corners of the car. Then his heart almost failed him, and he was on the point of dropping to the floor, when the guard desisted. Having eluded the guards, he found a way out of the city and eventually returned to his home.

CHAPTER II.

Nine Months in Prison

Camp Douglass was an enclosure of perhaps

twenty five acres built around with a high wooden fence having a gangway on top upon which the guard paced back and forth, slow, silent and awe inspiring to the inmates of the prison. Only about half the prison area was tenated that July, but ere many more months had gone by the whole camp was full, not less than 12,000 prisoners being confined within its walls. Our squad of about two hundred, having been escorted through the gate, was drawn up in line and commanded to drop all baggage to the ground and remain in position till a search could be made for contraband goods. Many prisoners who had been there long enough to feel at home, gathered around and by reason of having gone through a like experience, thought it their duty to volunteer advice and make various suggestions about how we ought to behave ourselves towards the searchers. Especially were we warned to conceal money if we had it, for it would be confiscated if discovered. My store of greenbacks was about two dollars which I stuffed to the bottom of my sock, where it passed the ordeal safely, and escaped detection. One would hardly have looked for even one dollar from so forlorn and scantily clad set of men as that squad of confederates. Nothing was found of a more dangerous nature than a pocketknife. A few of these were appropriated by the investigating committee. The search over, the new captives were distributed among the various barracks, my lot falling to barrack 14 which was occupied largely by Kentuckians of Morgan's cavalry.

Thus initiated, I began my nine months term of prison life. War is savagery pure and simple, and war prisons are not kept to pamper the prisoners. A very strict discipline is necessary and if the captors exercise moderate forbearance, they take it to them-

selves as a phenomenal show of humanity. Shooting a prisoner now and then passed without much reproof. One night the guard fired through the barracks wall, into the bunk of a sleeping man. The ball sped through his brain. The poor fellow never knew it unless the sleeping brain awoke and gave the alarm in that short moment between the touch and the entrance of the ball. At least his period of suffering was short. On another occasion a poor wretch, weary of his hard bed, arose some minutes before the reveille sounded and began kindling a fire on which to cook his breakfast. As he was stooping over the coals, endeavoring to blow them into a blaze the guard coolly leveled his gun and sent a ball through the man's head. His lifeless body dropped into the fire. There were not many such extreme cases of blood guiltiness. Among a large garrison of guards, may always be found a few cruel fiends that delight in brutality. Some guards were kind and human; others mean, spiteful, vicious. The latter were cases of individual depravity and not a type of the people they stood for. There was however, one piece of small meanness in the management of the prison, that was without excuse, and meant a lack of national humanity. That was starving the prisoners by degrees. If it would be justified by way of retaliation, the plea must fail because the confederate government fed its prisoners the same rations it gave its soldiers. Neither had enough of the only ration, corn bread and poor beef. Still they had all the confederacy could give. The United States had abundance of everything, and the world to draw from, yet its prisoners of war were allowed barely enough food to sustain life. There is little doubt that many a death in the camp was the result of sheer starvation.

The constant craving of appetite caused men to delve in the garbage barrels for bones, hoping to extract therefrom a few spoonfuls of marrow. This seemed to scandalize the authorities no little, and if the garbage searcher were caught in the act, he was punished by a ride on "Morgan's mule," which was a piece of lumber two by six inches, ten feet long and mounted edge up, on tall legs like a carpenter's scaffolding bench. This, the culprit was compelled to mount and straddle, without foot support, for such time as the guard might deem commensurate with the heinousness of the offence. To add to his disgrace he was compelled to hold the offensive bone in his mouth, a visible warning to other like violators of the proprieties. The craving of hunger displayed itself in other ways. One day the commandant of the prison came in on an inspection tour, bringing along a little dog which, being cut off from its master, was captured, confiscated and concealed till a safe chance occurred, when it was cooked and eaten, making, as those who partook declared, a very savory dish. The men engaged in this violence to the commandant's pet canine, were some of Morgans Kentuckians, and they brought themselves still more under the ban, by imitating *Oliver Twist* and calling out for more to eat in the hearing of the officer as he rode along in his fine carriage. "We're hungry," "Give us more to eat," "We're most starved", and the like cries greeted him along the way. He became exasperated and as a punishment, the men were compelled to sit naked on the ice for half an hour. Incidents like these were many, and the boys made sport of them pretty much as mischievous school boys recount their escapades and punishments at school. To say it in a word, the last year at Camp

Douglass was to the inmates simply a twelve months of gnawing hunger. There was, no doubt, good war strategy in General Grant's order not to exchange any more prisoners. It would have been humane to take federal prisoners in southern prisons, home by exchange, but there was a larger humanity to weigh against it. The fifty thousand confederate prisoners sent home, would go back to the ranks and prolong the war. The south needed men in its armies more than anything else. The north did not need men. It could serve its own cause and the cause of humanity also, by leaving its own prisoners in southern prisons instead of exchanging them and thereby rebuilding the shattered armies of the south and prolonging the war. If a southern prison was bad, fighting new armies was worse. General Grant took the right view of the matter, but he never contemplated punishing the confederate prisoners as individuals by the malignant process of slow starvation. These events are long past, and not referred to out of animosity. They are acts of history, instigated by passions that approve deeds which would be condemned in cooler moments.

The police regulations of the prison were very strict. Each barrack of which there were sixty four in the grounds, had a special guard to look after its welfare, see that rules were observed and that all answered roll call every morning. Deal, who had charge of number fourteen, was a kind hearted man and not often severe. The relations between him and his charge grew to be quite sympathetic and there was a genuine attachment on both sides. He rarely found occasion of punishment or reprimand. Once, however, the whole barrack fell under his displeasure, and provoked him to an act of punishment.

The rules required all prisoners to go to bed at sun down, lie still without talking and not get up till after full day light. This was a hard condition on the long winter nights, and sometimes the men would talk and risk the consequences. After awhile they began to presume on the guard's indulgence. There was more and more talking in the dark still hours. Many a time men from other barracks, had paid the penalty for violating the rule, by a mount on Morgan's mule; and it was an equestrian exercise not at all delightful, with the fierce winds from lake Michigan ruffling the scant garments of the rider. But immunity had made fourteen careless. From a talk here and there, it began to be a hum of voices, low but distinct, all through the building. Deal stole in quietly one night and walked the aisle between the bunks, a tiptoe, not making a sound. From end to end there was a babel of tongues. With a whirl he suddenly brought the great cane he carried, crashing against the floor. The noise was startling and then the stillness for a moment was equal to the darkness. "Roll out of your bunks every man," was the command." "May we put on our clothes" called out some one. "No!" thundered the guard. "Get out and that pretty quick." A few pulled on trousers and coat, some threw a blanket over their shoulders, but the larger part in their night clothes, tumbled out doors and into line, and all were marched off to the mule. A hundred and seventy five men would have found some difficulty in finding saddle room, so they were permitted to stand in line along side. The piercing air made their teeth chatter and their knees strike together as they stood silent and waiting. Deal soon got sorry for us and gave the word to return to quarters. We stood not on the order of going

and there never was a stampede of greater celerity. There was no more talking that night, nor for many nights following.

Now and then a prisoner would get some money from a friend on the outside. He was not allowed to have the cash in hand, but was given an order on the prison sutler for such supplies as he kept and sold at a very paying profit. Frequently this order was laid out in the purchase of a barrel of yellow meal which cost about six dollars. A good many stray shipplasters found their way into the prison and the buyer of the meal would sell it out at five cents a pint to such as could raise the money.

Every morning at 8 o'clock, the whole prison population was required to turn out, and form in line to be counted. Not often was a man missing from the list. The chances for escape were not one of a thousand. Still a few of the more daring managed to get out and away. Of the few that got beyond the prison walls, the half were caught and brought back. One prisoner who had friends on the outside bribed the scavenger to haul him out concealed under a load of garbage. A bright and venturesome boy snaked his way to the wall on a dark night and digged under with a table knife while the guard was pacing his beat back and forth, not a dozen feet above. Such pluck deserved to succeed, and it did succeed in this instance, for the boy was not recaptured.

After the morning count came breakfast, which consisted of a thin slice of bread and about two cubic inches of salt beef. The men were divided into messes and each mess received its ration in bulk, which was divided with scrupulous exactness among the individual members. The loaf of bread was cut into four slices and on each slice an equal share of

the meat was laid. Then for fear that one might fare better than another, the portions were assigned by lot. One man would turn his back, while another, pointing to a mess would ask "Whose is this?" "Sams." "And this?" "Greens." "And this?" "Kirks", and so till each had his share. Gold dust was never more carefully gathered up and guarded by the delver in the mines, than was each crumb of that bread, by the ones that received it. The dinner varied from the breakfast in that the meat was salt pork with addition of a gill of boiled beans or hominy. The supper was the same ration of bread with two good bites of salt pork. How we all used to envy the cooks as we gazed through the scuttle hole to the kitchen, which was opened at the meal hour in order to hand through the bread and meat! How our mouths watered at the piles of bread, the big cau'dron of beans and the huge hunks of boiled pork. One may poetize of the fragrance of flowers, of the sweet scent of the new mown hay, of the odors that mix with the breath of spring; but the savory smell of boiled pork and beans is first of all to the man with a craving appetite. All his five senses are concentrated on the one subject of food, His days are spent thinking of something to eat. At night he dreams of tables loaded with good things, and his plans of the future always revolve around specific schemes for administering to the welfare of the stomach. The arch fiend of them all is creeping, hideous, malignant hunger.

A small amount of reading matter found its way into the prison and helped to while away some of the tedious hours for such as cared to read. A few attempted the study of latin and mathematics, but the brain rebels against effective work when the stomach lacks food.

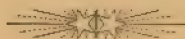
Immediately after breakfast was time for cleaning up. Inside and out, all trash and litter were swept and raked in piles for the garbage wagons. Perfect cleanliness was enforced all over the camp. At this hour also, came the ambulance to carry the sick to the hospital where a large number of them died and were borne to that narrower prison of a grave in a strange and unsympathetic land. Death was one road that led through the guarded and barred gate, but there was another available to such as had friends in good standing with the Union, on the outside. A prisoner could obtain his release by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States if the Union man would vouch for his good behavior, and give assurance that the oath would be kept inviolate. A very few availed themselves of this privilege. The thousands chose to remain and endure to the end.

Some of the men of mechanical turn, fitted them up work benches and made tools of knife blades and needles and the like, and went into the manufacture of finger rings and trinkets of various kinds, which were sold to whoever could get the cash to pay for them. Quite a brisk trade arose in these goods as all wanted such a memento of prison days, and no one who could buy failed to make the purchase. My own funds all told, encompassed the purchase of a small gutta percha ring, silver lined and having a silver scroll set in the face.

For the great bulk of the prisoners, there was nothing to relieve the enforced inertia. Their lives stagnated, physically, mentally and morally. There was not even the advantage of a prolonged walk. One could, indeed, pace up and down, in front of his barrack, like a sentinel on guard, but such exercise, by its sameness, comes, in time, to add intensity to the

prolonged monotony. Before the prison become crowded, the prisoners were permitted to exercise by walking around the camp near the walls, a while before sundown. As the afternoon advanced, squads of men would start the rounds. From time to time, others step in, here two, yonder a few more, at another place a dozen, till a thousand men would be moving in column, some talking, some singing, some silent, the regular tramp, tramp, tramp of the soldier in mimicry of the marches in the ranks before the days of captivity. As the prison filled up, these processions swelled in magnitude till the authorities came to mistrust such large massings of the men. Orders were issued that put an end to these close of the day promenades.

It would be tiresome to go over all the details of an extended prison term. Looking back through the years that span a generation, I can freely say that with a few exceptions, the prison at Camp Douglass was no worse in police stictness than was necessary for the safe keeping of the prisoners. Those who obeyed the rules were rarely punished and only a very few of the guards took delight in insulting, kicking, cursing or beating the unarmed men under their care. Most of them were best pleased when they had no charges to make, no broken rules to report, no fault to find. Many of them came to cherish a cordial feeling of good will toward their men and were exercised to screen rather than inculcate them.



CHAPTER III.

Going Home

It was now two years since I had been at home. One or two short letters had come through the lines to the prison. They bore messages of tenderness and love from the dearest ones on earth, father, mother, sisters, brothers, one of them away in Joe Johnson's army. I dreamed of these messages of love before they came and it seemed as if mother's spirit was bearing them on love's wings, lest they be lost by the way; and when put into my hands, how they thrilled me and stirred unutterable longing to feel mother's soft hand again on my head, and hear her gentle voice and listen to her loving words. I was now twenty-two years old and had spent most of four years following the demoralizing life of a soldier, but it had not hardened me against home sickness. O, for a chance once more to sit at mother's table where there was never lack of wholesome food, and then to drink from the clear spring, and bathe in the little brook that ran by the house, or lie on its grassy banks, under the maples and watch the minnows lazily float in its eddies. What a delight it would be to note day by day, with eager impatience, the turning of the May cherries till they were ripe, or to climb the tree for the red June apples, or hunt the eggs at the barn, or ride old Mike to mill, or help sister with her flowers, or feed the pigs and do the trifles of a hundred kinds, that help to fill in the life of a country boy.

The men who went through the ordeal will know.

and the young who have grown up since, may in part concept, my joy when during the latter days of March, 1865, it was proclaimed that all prisoners in number fourteen, whose names began with the letter K, were to be sent south in exchange.

It came about in this way. The two governments had arranged a cartel for the exchange of sick prisoners. When the roll of these for Camp Douglass, was completed of such sick and convalescent as were able to make the journey, there lacked a few of the full quota of names required. These had to be made up of the twelve thousand prisoners on hand. It pleased the authorities to go to number fourteen, and to the letter K of the alphabet, for the few lacking names. Was it only the whim of an officer, a mere hap hazard cast of the die that caused events so to fall out that the K's of fourteen were chosen? I do not believe it. Men do the casting but the lot is of the Lord. There is a Providence that overshadows us always. He directs our paths and moves to his purpose the minds of the men who have to deal with us. You may say that 11,990 men were left by that same Providence, all as anxious as the ten K's of number fourteen, to get out and away; and still further that only a month or two hence, all would be liberated by the restoration of peace. All this is admitted. Yet the one who is able to bring about what he wills, has said he cares for the sparrow, and that it never falls till he is ready. If he holds up its wings as it flits from tree to tree, I know he will lay out every step I take. I do not see the purpose of it all. I might have contracted some fatal disease by a longer stay. Maybe he was kind enough to send me South where it would be easier, in the obscurity of my country home, to give back allegiance to the

Union, than it would have been at the gate of a northern prison. Or was it a mother's prayer that brought me the earlier home? The how and the why we see not, but we do know that He leads us in paths of His own designing and the reasons will be made plain some glad day.

The little band for exchange was soon arrayed in line, and the roll of names called. I had received a sum of money from a relative outside and still had a small balance against the sutler, which was spent for crackers and cheese, a good, fat haversack full, which I slung over my shoulder with a shrug that said, "boys, don't you think I'm in luck?" Buying the crackers and cheese had made me a few minutes late getting in line, and this, coupled with a buoyancy caused by my highly exalted state of feeling, drew the attention of the sergeant in charge, who gruffly asked me what I was doing there. I had to point out my name to him on the roll, and explain why I was late getting in line, before he would put aside his suspicion of me.

It was now near sundown and all being, at last ready, the command to march was given, and we passed out through those awful gates, never to see them more. It was a very willing squad that climbed into the box cars that evening, and the rocking of the train as it bumped, and puffed, and jerked through its all night run, but made the most of us sleep the sounder, wedged together on the floor. Still there was one man that did not sleep all the time, as I had occasion to know from the fact that all my crackers and cheese were gone when I reached for my haversack at breakfast. Some one had eaten my breakfast for me. Poor fellow, he had been hungry a long time, and possibly needed the food worse

than I did. I was too happy over going home to care much for the loss. I said nothing about it, and any way, matters were evened up when all of us presently drew a full ration of hardtack and bacon. The dawn found us nearing the hills of the Alleghanies. Villages and towns flitted by, and when a stop was made there was always some wordy contest between the station loungers and the "Johnnies". At one stop a pompous, silk hat citizen, boasted of yankee prowess and cried out most lustily, "we have whipped your confederate armies into the last ditch, and you fellows will get home just in time to be in at the last licking."

"If looks tell anything, 'we' had mighty little to do with the whipping," was the quick retort of a reb, with peculiar emphasis on the "we."

The bystanders seemed to think the retort fit the subject for they jeered the citizen, and loudly cheered the rebs on the now moving train.

The second morning we reached Baltimore, and were walked to the wharf where we awaited the steamer for Richmond, or more correctly, the exchange station on the James. During the wait we were the subject of more or less curiosity to the loungers, and to several union soldiers that for the time were off duty. One of the latter began a conversation with our boys, which soon warmed into a half angry dispute.

"Your Jeff Davis confederacy has about run its course," remarked Yank, after some preliminaries.

"No it has'nt; we'll fight you from now to never, and then spit on our hands and try it again," cried confed, petulently.

"Are you truly so blind as not to see what is plain as daylight?"

"You are the blind one if you think the war is over."

"What do you base such bravado on. Your armies have been driven from Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas. Sherman has taken Charleston; Grant holds most of Virginia, and has Richmond at his mercy. You have no where to get either food or war supplies. In the face of all this, how are you going to keep up the fight?"

"No matter what you have done, you hav'nt whipped us and you will find it out by waiting."

The union soldier allowed himself to be almost provoked by the dogged assurance of the confederate, but thought better of it, and with rather an amused look walked away, doubtless reasoning that the loser ought to have full leave to claim the earth. Less than a score of days thereafter Lee had surrendered, and the war was at an end. Yet the confederate was sincere in what he said, knowing little of the realities of the situation. And this one was not much different from the whole body of confederate soldiers. Their faith was firm to the last, and Appomattox was to them a surprise.

Steaming out of Baltimore in the afternoon we all gathered on deck and gazed with awe upon the billows and watched with childish joy the gulls pick out of the foaming water the scraps of bread and meat thrown overboard. We stood and gazed till darkness dropped the curtain. It was the first look upon the sea for most of us. Next day we drew alongside the confederate boat, on the James, and were transferred to the flag of Dixie. All of us were glad enough of the change. On the banks of the river were forts and huge cannon, and armed men, and

much gallpoing to and fro of uniformed couriers.

Among the passengers on the confederate boat was General Blank. His large head, broad brimmed hat and long hair, hanging down to his shoulders, and his commanding physique drew the eyes of us all, though I could not help thinking of the words of a very manly man who once said "if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him." It takes a very considerable amount of talent in a person to offset a certain natural instinct against long hair for men and short hair for women. The passage to Richmond was quickly performed, and we were landed in the city.

Now, for the first time, we saw a regiment of negro soldiers dressed in confederate uniform, armed and equipped, marching along one of the streets. They looked as though they were delighted with themselves and the world, and walked with a great show of spirit and bravery. Nothin more clearly indicated the extremity to which the confederacy had come.

We needed clothes, but the powers gave us only confederate money. That could be printed by the cart load. It was not so easy to get shoes, and hats, and trousers, and coats. With a pocket full of paper promises, a furlough and a railroad pass, we were turned loose to shift for ourselves. Some went south, others west. No trains ran far out from the city, on account of burned bridges, federal raiders having destroyed them almost up to the city limits. The confederacy was now indeed reduced to a narrow strip of territory, possibly a hundred miles wide and stretching from Richmond to Raleigh. Four of the camp Douglass contingent reached by rail, the western border of this strip, at New river, where a burned bridge barred further progress. I was yet

some hundreds of miles from home, and my three companions were not of my locality. We agreed not to part for a short time, and a generous family gave us board for a few days. They refused pay, and in fact we could only have offered confederate money which was not pay at all; and truly, one felt less repugnance at accepting bounty than at offering the money as an equivalent for the food and lodging received. These days of good food and recuperation were needed that we might get back some strength before essaying a foot journey of many leagues.

It chanced, about the end of this week of rest, that Flem Menix, a member of my own company "X" of —th regiment, came on the scene. His home and mine were not far apart, and we determined to set out upon the journey thither at once. Bidding my three prison comrades goodbye, Flem and I crossed the river and in sure enough earnest, started homeward. It was a weary tramp. The first day all went well. About twenty-five miles were left behind. From the farm houses along the way kindly entertainment was extended. Sometimes a confederate bill was offered in payment, but rarely accepted. Those who did receive it did so merely to let us think we were making return for the accommodation. I remember distinctly the last time I paid out confederate currency. It was at a Lynchburg hotel. A most excellent breakfast was served, and the price of it was only ten dollars. I had still a hundred and fifty dollars, the back pay for a year's service—enough to buy fifteen more breakfasts at a like rate. But three days thereafter the confederacy and its money were dead. Lee had surrendered and the war was over. The one hundred and fifty dollars were kept awhile as a relict of the lost cause but at last got lost like the cause it stood for.

The walk of the second day began to tell on my flabby muscle. By the third morning my joints were so stiff I could hardly drag one foot after another. My feet were swollen, and shoes out at the sides and holes through the soles. My whole body ached and every step at setting out of a morning was torture. After an hour's start, the soreness and stiffness would ease off somewhat, and progress be made with less pain. Once night came on us as we reached an old, deserted house. The windows and doors were out and the yard grown up in weeds. It was a fit abode for screech owls and bats and uncanny things, but I was too tired to go further. We went in and slept very well on a hard floor till morning, but had to go some miles before getting any breakfast. As the journey neared the end my pains and aches grew less, and the miles were counted off with greater ease. Late one afternoon we arrived at the house of a friend, a former schoolmate, also a member of my old company now disabled by wounds which had led to his discharge. It was a homelike welcome we received, and here was the turning point of my suffering. Only six miles from mother. The hardships, the prison, the long years of deprivation counted now for nothing. Almost home. To-morrow I would greet my best beloved. Happy thoughts soothed me to sleep, and the morning found me almost a new boy in bodily strength and suppleness of limb, also as also in hopefulness of heart. After a right hospitable breakfast and kind goodbyes cheerily exchanged, my traveling comrade and I took ourselves off, he going one way and I another, for here our roads parted. Being now alone, my thoughts went before and began to busy themselves with surmises, and to suggest possible evils not at

all foreign to the disorder of the times which had been most full of disaster and change in this particular section. My own case naturally suggests the thought of a brother in Joe Johnson's army. Where is he now? Is he too on the way home. Has he escaped dangers from Nashville to Raleigh? Some spirit of gloom went at me in thoughts like these:

"I know he is your brother and you love him dearly, but war does not spare because of that love. Tens of thousands have fallen, all as well beloved as yours. Could love have saved war had had no victims."

The angel of hope here interposed and gently whispered "Be not cast down. Good news of him awaits your arrival home."

"Not so," answers that other spirit, "Your steps lead to the house of mourning. There tears are already falling for one that is not."

And so these opposing spirits contend for the mastery as I trudge along——

"How fares it with father, mother, sisters. Are they all there, the home circle unbroken? And how about the modest little cottage?"

Even the humble dwelling of the old people and the children may have fallen a victim to the passions of the marauder. The opposing armies took time about in possessing the territory. The union and confederate sentiment was about equally divided and the raiding by one side always provoked bitterness on the other. Every farm was plundered of its cattle, horses, hogs, corn, wheat, and the farmhouse of its furniture.

"Had they spared my mother's home? and if that much what had been left of that other property?"

Musing of such things, I came to the old brick academy where April four years ago I had been at school with most of the boys that made up company "X" and were mustered into the confederate service the following July. The old house now seemed startling in its very stillness. Weeds obstructed the walk to the door. The blinds hung awry. Here a sash was broken. Window panes had been knocked out. The grounds and grove were desolate. Terrible civil war. The youths and men are fed to its appetite, while the children are kept from school to make bread and meat. Brooding of this kind was brought to a sudden end, as from the top of academy hill, I spied a company of blue coats perched in line upon a rail fence, some half a mile away. I had already experienced as much of the pleasure of captivity as I desired and it occurred to me that those fellows might be unreasonable enough to insist on my trying it again. I decided not to argue the question with them at any rate. An abundance of friendly cedars stood all about, and if I did not hide, I at least did not, on the other hand, make myself very conspicuous for a reasonable length of time. Not till the soldiers had been long out of sight, did I venture beyond the friendly screen of cedars, and take the road again. My way crossed theirs and was of infrequent travel, so that I had no further fear of meeting foes.

Five miles yet remained. I had walked it many a time as a school boy. I knew its every turn. Here was the peach tree that reached its limbs into the road, handing its ripe fruit, in season, to the traveler. There the little spring under the oaks where I used to rest by the way and drink of its water. Soon I enter the long lane with the steep hill at the end.

Not heeding these things much now, I speed onward and stand at length on the eminence that overlooks my low vinewreathed home. As I paused for a moment, gazing about me, there was a contest in my heart between joy and grief. The cause I had espoused so eagerly four years ago was lost—that was certain. The shadow of defeat weighed me down. I gazed upon a valley where I had left prosperous farms waving with plenty, where sleek cattle grazed the fallow and fine horses drew the plow and the happy plow boy whistled along the furrow. All was changed. Some of the fields were despoiled of their fences and grown up in weeds. Others had small patches of growing wheat only half tilled. No stock were grazing in the pastures. Not a single plowman was to be seen in all the broad valley though the time was at hand for planting the spring crops. Even the public road was grown over with grass. A funeral awe and stillness seemed settled upon the landscape which a few years before, had been so bright and busy and prosperous. How then could the home coming be altogether joyous? I am oppressed and my steps are slower as I walk down the familiar lane. Standing in the fence corner on the right, is the old apple tree I had climbed times without number.

One of my earliest recollections was of that tree when it stood on a neighbor's land, though just across the road from our house. The neighbor resided more than half a mile away, and had at his door a good orchard for those days. My father had just moved to the place and that was the only fruit tree in the locality. The apples had been gathered off except two small ones on an outer twig. I and a younger brother coveted these two apples, so we

climbed the fence and began throwing at them, not taking note that the owner was approaching with a rake in his hand. He came to the tree and with the rake handle, punched off the two apples, put them in his pocket and walked away never saying a word. Two very small boys gazed after him with anything but pleased feelings. They, like him had nothing to say. Not long after, my father bought the land with the tree, and now in spite of more serious thoughts, memory brings upon the scene the two apples and the crabbed neighbor of the early days.

On my left was the great cherry tree, a mere twig in early memory, but now scarcely to be girdled with my two arms. It seemed to have stretched its branches double length since I had seen it last. An apple tree by the yard fence was dying. The catalpa tree was in bloom. Everything looked strange and yet familiar. Now I am at the woodpile with its accumulated bank of decayed and decaying chips - at the yard gate, and still no sign of life. Where was the old dog? He at least, might discover my coming and give a welcome. The old gate creaks on its hinges the least bit, but it seems like a great noise to me, everything being so still. I walk along the narrow path to the porch and notice how the planks of the floor have rotted off at the ends, and the outer sill shows through the broken places. My heart is beating tumultuously. Everything is so still that I fear to step with audible footfall, like one who moves about the house when crape is on the door. I pass the kitchen door. It is open but no one within. A few paces more and I am standing in the door of mother's room. She and father sat there silent on either side of the small fire place, stooping forward over a few coals. They were the only occupants of

the house, and it seemed oh so lonely. Great choaking throbs well up into my throat, and father looking round calls my name. Mother totters to her feet and——Well, one of her boys had come home from the war.

Thousands of similar home comings were transpiring all over the South a few days afterwards. They were heart communings known only to such as actually went through their joys and pangs. They were reunions that also commemorated a death—death of a cause that millions of men and women had been enamored of more than of life. There were homecomings in the north also, happy, even sad but so different.

CHAPTER IV

Some of First Glimpses of Life.

Many fair valleys lie between the Cumberland mountains of Kentucky and the Blue Ridge of North Carolina. Sixty years ago they were covered by a vast forest interspersed with farms and groups of farms like small islands in a sea. In one of these valleys, a spot of thirty acres had been cleared away, and a small brick house erected at the top of a gently sloping hill, from whose base gushed a spring, clear and almost icy cold. A great maple stood at the head and sprawling its two huge branches which forked near the ground, reached out and bent over so that what might be called its topmost twigs hung down and dangled in the water as it flowed off in a smooth branch, forming a natural and complete screen for shutting off the rays of the sun. Half way

between the house and spring a white oak, three feet in diameter had escaped the ax. Its wide extending limbs rounded out into a symmetrical top which almost every fall shook out a profuse crop of large acorns to the pigs. At the front door stood three white pines. A clump of locusts shaded the south, and two big pippin apple trees grew against the end of the kitchen. To the north and west lay a broad expanse of heavily wooded hill and dale, dotted with farms. East and south the knobs were not far away, and beyond them, rising peak over peak, the mountains climbed in silent grandeur till Carolina's tallest summits were outlined along the far away horizon. This was the home that first welcomed the subject of this sketch to the light of day.

Here, in a year not far from the last of the first half of the century, was born to Silas and Lydia Klodsloe a boy, and they called him Jacob. The world has had its ups and downs for him, and not seldom has he thought to appropriate to himself the words of his namesake of old: "Few and evil the days of the years of my life have been." But a better spirit triumphs; for tho' the shadows have been many, the light has always dispersed them, and the bright has been far more abundant than the gloom; and now as the evening comes on apace the approaching sunset shines with an ever increasing glory.

Jacob's parents were of the farm, descended from farmers of the revolutionary days. His first ancestor on this side the Atlantic, was Nicholas Klodsloe who emigrated from Germany in 1760, and settled in Virginia. If he served as a soldier in the war for independence, the record of it has been overlooked, but a younger brother Aaron was killed in the battle of Princeton.

The minutes of a Virginia court make mention of Nicholas, and give itemized statements of farm products sold by him to the county officials for public purposes. He seems to have been of some prominence in his calling, and his descendants appear to have inherited his predilection for the soil.

"So it happened," laughed Jacob, with something of pride in his manner, "that I, of the fourth generation, a lineal descendant, came honestly into the honorable calling, by right of inheritance. I fear I have been the prodigal that wasted the estate, for the frank confession is here made that my attempts at farming have not been very successful, though the love for it is deep seated."

If Jacob had turned out to be famous, a hundred anecdotes of his lisping years might have been searched out and recorded as prophetic of his after career. His very earliest recollection was of a small boy chasing the ducks around the house on the icy ground and getting a fall that cut a great gash in his scalp, compelling him to stay indoors a whole week, with a bandage round his head. This, of course, would have presaged a great deal in the life of a great man.

On another occasion, a strained relation with the powers having been brought about, he met the issue boldly, and won. It was in this way: A potato patch had been planted near the house and the hills were full of large potatoes. Jacob loved a big red yam with a yearning appetite and waited impatient for the first mess. He was told to keep away from the patch and not to bother the potatoes. But at last the strain was beyond his power to withstand. He must go and take just one peep at a potato. There could be no harm in that. A little scraping

of the dry dirt exposed the pink skin. Then a little more scraping laid bare the whole tuber, long, plump and smooth. What a beauty? There, now! it has come loose from the vine—an accident of course. Hugged to his bosom it was born in triumph to the house, and on being taken to task for disobedience, he boldly declared that the potato had crawled out of the hill of its own accord. It was a long time before he heard the last of the potato that “des tawled out.” Now had his after career been that of a great statesman, this incident would have been an outcropping of undeveloped diplomatic powers. As it was, it only showed his kinship to his remote grandsire Adam, in the mode of answering unpleasant questions.

A somewhat different experience was that in which the bees bore a prominent part. The period for taking the honey from the hives had arrived, and Jacob was possessed of an oppressive wish to see the operation from a point where he would be safe from stings and yet have a good view of it all. So he climbed upon the ash hopper standing near. He could look down at the bee gum and the bees could not get up to him.

“O-o-o—ouch—woo-o-i-e-uwp.” The mad swarm was on him. One stung him over the eye. They tangled in his hair, crept down his back, charged single and in squads. Tumbling from his exalted station he ran for protection and sympathy to his mother’s arms. Had Jacob turned out to be president, very beautifully this could have been paraded as a foreshadowing of how the happy anticipations of delight in the exalted place would be changed into an agony of despair by the cruel tongue of slander, and envy, and disappointed ambition, and political rivalry, and friend turned enemy.

It is unnecessary to multiply this list, as how a stone accidentally flew from his hand and killed the blue hen, which was then hid in the clover, or how he rode round the cow lot on a plank dragging to old Mooly's tail, or how he ran horse races with boys on the road to mill, or dropped minnows in the milk at a neighbor's spring house, or poured the seed corn in a rat hole to keep from planting it, or fought roosters behind the barn or punched the horses' legs to see them kick, or—or—or—each reader may prolong the list out of his own experience. All such things are merely human and Adamic in one not gifted with parts above the common thousands.

When school age arrived, Jacob made the acquaintance of the log school house and the school master with his long switch and his pocket knife with one of its blades keen and sharp, devoted exclusively to the making and mending of goosquill pens. The switch and the pen knife were indispensable qualifications of a teacher. His learning and aptness to teach were of less moment. From very early in the morning till nearly sundown, with an hour of playtime at noon, the boys and girls sat on long slab benches without backs, the little fellows swinging their feet several inches above the floor, and all humming their lessons in a zealous monotone. The scholars were required to "study out," that is get their lessons by reading or spelling them over aloud. When all the boys and girls were thus engaged, it made music to the master's ears and he then looked on his school as nothing short of perfection.

The schools were all made up by subscription, and rarely extended over a longer term than three months. The master was sometimes a resident of the locality, but more frequently a stranger who traveled from

place to place, teaching as the opportunity offered. Coming to a place where there was a school house, he would draw up a paper to be signed by the patrons, pledging to pay for one or more scholars. This was called signing the scholars. Mr. A signs one, Mr. B. three, Mr. C. two, and so on. The pay was usually one dollar a month per scholar. If enough names were signed, the school was opened at a set time, and taught according to contract, and paid for without deduction, except for long sickness.

The school house was also the "meeting house" where the circuit rider came once a month, with his horse and saddle bags to preach to the people. On preaching days the children got some extra rest from books, tho' they had to be in and listen to the preacher. Jacob remembers how glad he used to be when a good brother or sister would come early and be followed close by others; for after a few had taken their seats, the school would be dismissed, giving a good many extra minutes for play. One by one, and then by twos and by threes, the good people arrived, always a horseback if the distance was too long to walk. The horses were tied to the trees all around, and stood in waiting, sometimes nicker-ing to a fellow, or squealing out from the bite of a vicious neighbor, or letting drive at one another with vindictive heels.

The women all went into the house as they came up, but the men would stand about on the outside in groups, or sit on an old log or stump, or squat on the ground, all busily talking of neighborhood affairs. The men wore their jeans suits and wool hats, and the women were dressed in homespun, except on more important occasions, when the Sunday calico was donned. Sun bonnets made the head

cover, and frequently in warm weather the girls would walk nearly to church barefoot and then put on their shoes, to be removed again on the home walk. Sometimes a girl's bean would be with her and carry the foot wear when off duty. The boys from fifteen years down, went barefoot, if the weather was not too cold.

A few minutes before the preaching hour a prominent brother would start up from his improvised seat, brush the chips which he had been whittling, from his clothes, and walk solemnly into the house and take his accustomed place near the stand. All the others would follow his example. The women sat on one side of the middle aisle, the men on the other. As the men file in, the women cease their talking and everything is very quiet for a moment, or till the leader of song starts a hymn, one familiar to all church goers. Perhaps it would be "Am I a soldier of the cross," or "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound." "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord," was a favorite, with "Children of the Heavenly King" a closerival. "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," with the chorus "I Am Bound for the Promise Land," was very popular and always sung with great fervor. All the voices of the congregation joined in the singing, and there was harmony of spirit, and melody in the heart, even if the measure was sometimes faulty, the notes piercing and the chord broken.

Meantime the preacher had ambled up to the convenient tree always reserved for him, tied his horse to an outreaching branch and taken his bible and hymn book from the saddle bags. With these under his arm, he proceeds to the door, and walking down the aisle, enters the pulpit and kneels for a

short prayer. The singing stops at his approach, and it is very still till, casting his eyes over the house he says: "brethren, sing something." When this song is sung the preacher rises and reads over the hymn that has been selected for the service, and afterwards interlines it, that is, reads two lines, which are sung, then two more, and so on till the whole hymn is sung through, the people standing. After a prayer and the reading of a chapter from the bible, and another song, the text is taken and a discourse of from one to two hours follows. It was not to be wondered at that the children grew restless and sometimes stealthily made pictures on slates, or turned the leaves of the speller to the picture of the rude boy in the apple tree, even if the detection was certain of sharp reproof from the preacher.

Those early preachers were men of strong individuality and forceful character, and left their impress on the times. One of them named Askew, a tall, broad shouldered presiding elder, who wore an immense broad, stiff-brimmed hat, got the nickname of the "bishop" on account of his assertive, dominating will. The boys were afraid of him, but loved to hear him preach. He said things that drew and kept their eyes on him and their ears open to his words. Tho' a boy of ten at the time, he remembers an expression in one of his sermons. His subject was, "prevailing prayer," and the incident was where God, on the mountain, told Moses that the people he had led out of Egypt had polluted themselves and that now He was going to destroy them and make of Moses and his posterity a great nation.

"Look!" cried the preacher, "Sinai's massive rocks are trembling. Black darkness enshrouds its rugged peak. Lightnings flash out; crashing thun-

ders follow, peal on peal. How can mortal man have spirit to contend with his Maker in such an awful place? But listen! What pleading is that I hear? 'Let me alone, Moses!' Jehovah, who surrounds himself with the tempest, and the fire, and the voice of thunder, is actually praying to the trembling Moses. 'Let me alone!' Even the Omnipotent God has no power that can resist the honest prayer of His people."

Many famous preachers began their career in those backwoods school houses. One of the preaching places of the late Dr. ———, of ———, when an awkward boy he started on his first circuit, was the log school house of their earliest days. The old house is gone. Most of those whose memory could reach back to it, are gone.

After services the school would be called and would resume books just a little demoralized by the interruption and the aroused inclination to go with the departing congregation.

Webster's blue back spelling book was the chief text book of the schools. It was Jacob's only study for some years, and one day he was utterly amazed at himself when, on picking up a reader, he found that he could read right along without ever having learned how. Those old time methods of education were crude, but put about as many boys on the road to success and distinction as the more refined systems of today.

Sometimes through the summer month's a Sunday school would be carried on at the school house. Whole families would come, negroes and all. The class of older folks would read chapters from the bible. The children far enough advanced, would read from the New Testament, and perhaps answer

a few question. Many would memorize verses. The smaller children brought spelling books, or were taught the alphabet. The negroes had a part of the house to themselves and were taught to read, or had the bible explained to them by white teachers. Jacob remembers well teaching little negroes of his own age their a b c's.

A Sunday school in a country sparsely settled begins to wane as soon as the new wears off and the weather begins to be hot. The attendance drops to a few faithful ones. Finally these also quit, discouraged and helpless. It used to dwindle to Jacob and brother and two brothers of a neighbor's family. The four would meet Sunday after Sunday, read a few chapters in the New Testament and go home. Occasionally they would go home with one-another, at which time would have much pleasure of each others' company.

Young people of today need not be sorry for the boys who never saw a railroad till they were fifteen, nor a church spire, nor heard a piano, and had only dreamed of what a city was like. They knew all the by paths in the woods and among the hills, they gazed at the tall mountains, God's minarets, and heard his minstrelsy of birds in the boundless forests. The woods were their city, the lofty trees the houses; the birds, the squirrels, the foxes, the possums and the coons were the inhabitants, and the labyrinthine walks and ways were the streets. Amid these surroundings they did not learn to bow exquisitely, nor how to manage their hands in company, nor to talk prettily. It rather made them shy like the timid rabbit they often chased, and like the rabbit their impulse was always to run away from strangers.

This narrative contains nothing startling. All its details are commonplace. But commonplace makes up most lives. Whose life has all been made of great events? Washington's! Be it so. Yet He who sits on the orbit of the earth and weighs the mountains in scales, and hangs out the clouds as a garment, says the nations are but a drop of the bucket and less than nothing in His sight. May the world, after all, have made a mistake as to what are common places, and what are great events? Is it possible that the giving of a cup of cold water may be a greater event than the founding of Rome? What are the puny exploits of a day to the possibilities wrapped up in "the power of an endless life?"

At any rate the commonplace, unheroic hero of this story grew up from a foundation made of the trivial daily routine of a farm boy's life, or rather he and it wrought together in fashioning the structure. The bricks, and stone, and cement, and mortar were the duties performed, the deeds done, the influences brought to bear, the opportunities given; in fact whatever was seen, heard, felt, endured, wished for or dreaded, rendered its supply of material. His own part was building it into the edifice. How he did it is told in these pages.

CHAPTER V.

Jacob Tells of a New Home.

I was about five years old when, by a change of family plans, an uncle was to take our home, and father began to fix for building a new house, and opening a new farm some mile or so away. After

talking over the merits of the different materials at hand the conclusion was reached to build of bricks; and first they had to be moulded and burned. A suitable clay was picked out and two or three square rods of ground cleaned and made smooth and level, on which to sun dry the bricks as they were dropped out of the moulds. I remember the place chiefly as a choice spot for playing marbles. The dirt was digged and shoveled into a primitive sort of mud mill, and being drenched sufficiently with water, was ground out at the bottom a stiff mud, which the mason rolled in sand, as a baker turns his loaf in the flour, and then with deft hand dabbed into the mould, smoothing off the top with a wooden knife. Usually there were four moulds framed together and when all were filled a boy carried and dumped them on the drying ground. When dry enough to handle they were carried and set up in ricks to harden for the kiln, when a sufficient number had been moulded. Grandfather lent us two or three negroes to help on with work, and also a house girl to aid in cooking for the hands.

In due time the kiln was completed and the fires started. At first only a small blaze in each "eye" or furnace, of which there was one for every three feet on each side of the kiln. Gradually the fires grew and the flame crept upwards among the loosely piled bricks. Dense smoke escapes from the top. The cover of boards is taken off and the firemen begin to crowd in the dry wood. The crackle and rush of the burning is heard at a distance. After a while the brick around the eyes become red hot. Day and night the fuel is fed in and melts away like snow flakes falling on water. The red glow climbs towards the top of the kill, and in about six

days the whole mass within, is at a white heat. The flames have wound through all the crevices and are lapping their tongues out at the top. A very thin, white smoke curls aloft while the glimmer of the intense heat hovers about the pile. The burn is finished. The eyes are closed with dirt and the kill left to cool off.

In those days household economists were put to many expedients to the end that the not lavishly supplied pantry might be recruited. In the absence of baking powder and soda, the thrifty housekeeper would often leach wood ashes and boil the lye till it became of a doughy consistency, and then bake it in red hot ovens till it turned into creamy white crystals. The potash prepared in this way was a good substitute for bakers soda. The baking was a tedious labor, taking much time, close care and large patience. Mother was taken with the happy thought that in the brick kill would be an ideal place for bleaching potash; so she prepared an earthen jar full, and had it placed in the kill with many pleasing anticipations of the result. With no little restiveness she waited for the kiln to cool off and when the heat was yet considerable, the bricks were lifted away and an empty hole found where the jar had been. The fervent heat had melted the jar, and dissolved the contents into an undiscoverable powder. So fail many of the dearest projects of the heart.

Much other building material was yet to be provided, all worked from the raw material. Poplar from the woods and pine from the knobs, was cut and hauled to the saw mill which was run by the water of the most pretentions creek in the vicinity. The logs were sawed into planks, dried and smoothed and

fitted from the rough by carpenters. For shingles large chestnut trees were cut and sawed the right lengths, split into boards and shaved to size and shape with the drawing knife.

The new farm comprised twenty acres of cleared land and eighty of woods. The place picked out for the house was the highest part of a modest hill at the foot of which flowed a brook shaded by some maples, an elm, two or three oaks, a few locusts and a large walnut, and a wild cherry tree. The house was a one story, four room, L shaped structure, with attic sleeping rooms.

When three rooms had been finished the change of homes was made. For the children at least, the move was looked on in a spirit of enthusiasm. They love change for its own sake and are glad of tomorrow's promises, let their elders regret as they may yesterday changes. I remember till yet the ride to the new home. Sedate old Arch the family horse drew the family carriage, driven by Steve. I sat by the driver when I wasn't standing up and looking ahead and asking how much further it was. At length we came to a large pond which the carriage must pass through, and I remember holding my hat on with both hands lest the wind should blow it into the water. In fact this is the only incident of the moving which I now recall with perfect clearness.

What a new world is opened for explorations. Here is the brook to be traced to its source, a bold, clear spring half a mile away, and then followed to where it runs into the large creek, a mile below. Here are new trees to be climbed, the best seats in them found, as well as the most springy limbs for ridy horses. The walnut trees are to be located and the thinnest shelled hickory nuts, and also the best

chinquapin bushes, and the whereabouts of the largest chestnuts. The hills and hollows around are to be explored and compared and classed according as they surpass in height or depth. Besides all this the great woods, with its constantly unfolding wonders, came close to the back of the house, and its vast treasures of wild grapes, and persimmons, and berries were waiting to be found. Acquaintance was to be made with the birds and the squirrels; and the haunts of the great owls must be sought out, and the place where the fox had his den. Here indeed was an unknown world to be explored, and never did boys prosecute the task with more eagerness.

Years and years have gone, and many leagues away from the old farm have half of those years been spent; but its every feature is still a vivid picture of memory.

Having so much to do the days were full of activity. I recall them with fond tenderness, and cannot conceive of a mere blessed childhood than fell to my lot, the son of not wealthy, but virtuous, industrious parents. Two sisters, eleven and eight years old, and a little brother of two, father and mother and Steve, the colored boy, made up the household. Two others joined the circle later.

Steve came to us in the division of paternal grandfather's estate. He was about fifteen years old, a trusty servant and good worker. Father and he did the farm work and cleared off new ground, adding a little from year to year.

The newness was wearing off of the new home. Things began to fit into one another as if they had always been that way. Paths were being worn to the garden, the stable, the wood pile and the spring.

I, a small boy, could venture half a hundred yards from the house in the dark without being very much frightened. The home feeling had settled about the place. The cultivated fields had ripened their crops, some of which had been gathered and housed. The end of the fall season drew near, going out in a spell of the most perfect Indian summer.

Late one afternoon we children came in from a ramble along the edge of the woods, just in time to see father ride off horseback, with a neighbor, to attend a religious meeting at the log church two miles away. We watched him as he rode up the lane. The slanting sun rays gleamed around him and cast long fantastic shadows of him and his horse across the field. We looked till the riders turned into the woods and were hidden from sight, then went into the house with a feeling of loneliness. It was the first time father had been away at night since we came to our new home. Steve did up the evening chores and as twilight began to fade into darkness we sat down to supper with mother. Somehow the vacant seat at the head of the table, took part of the relish from the food. The gabble was not quite so loud. But warm biscuit and butter and honey and milk were on the side of young appetites and it is safe to say that the usual quantity of food was eaten. When all were done a clean plate was set for Steve who fared in all things as the rest of the family except sitting at the first table. After supper the children of a neighbor made us a visit. We romped and played as children will. Now out doors in the moonlight, now in the unfinished room where the carpenters had resumed work, now in the loft after apples brought from grand father's orchard; hide and seek, crany crow, poor puss wants a corner—

the full round of childish fun till tired out we could stay awake no longer. Our visitors went home while we hardly stopping to undress, dropped abed and to sleep. Mother sat by the half burned down wood fire, by starts knitting, spinning—reading by the dim light of a tallow dip, or idly thinking—half lonely, half apprehensive. Still midnight was almost come and father had not returned.

Suddenly mother was startled by a roaring as of a wind storm. Opening the door of her room, she was blinded by the glare and smoke that came from the unfinished chamber. It was piled with dry lumber and scattered about with shavings and dry chips. In one corner were standing dry pine flooring which reached from the ground to the roof. It is supposed that the carpenters left some live coals in the fire place and that the wind blew a spark into the shavings. Any way, the whole room was in a blaze and the flames were swifter than any acrobat, climbing to the roof on that pine flooring. Enough rosin oozed out to feed the blaze to its intensest fury. Horror stricken mother gazed a moment only, when the mother instinct, seeing all effort to put out the fire useless, sprang to the aid of her sleeping children. Calling Steve to her aid, the older children were aroused and the younger, still asleep carried to safety. Beds were dragged to the garden where the children were left while every effort was being made to save the household goods. Neighbors began to arrive and lend a helping hand. The noise and the bright light awoke me, and I well remember how I felt. I wondered how I had got out of the house and why I slept out doors. The darkness at the back frightened me and the roof of the house now ablaze from end to end, charmed me as a snake is said to charm

birds till, tho' frantic with fright, they dash into its mouth. I got out of bed and began making my way to the burning house. I did not know what it all meant. I wanted "muddy" and I was afraid to sleep out of doors. Steve took me up and carried me back to bed, where I cried myself to sleep and knew no more till morning. A good cry is a cure for every childish grief; not so easy is the unloading of the burdens that weigh down our parents. A home in flames was the beacon that lighted my father back from church, and there was no sleep cure for the two pairs of eyes that watched the slumbering little ones. Only a trifle was saved of the household goods. The bare and blackened brick walls and a few heavy oak log sleepers, all charred over, remained. I remember these as if it were yesterday, and my feelings then were less of grief at the great loss, than of glee at the large number of well roasted apples in rows on top of the walls.

A burnt building was a new experience to be made the most of without troubling over the toil and privation and hardship it entailed on my kind parents. For me there was a world of nails and hinges and broken dishes, and fragments of kitchen fixtures and general rubbish that gave me stock in business for many a day. The debris of ashes and cinder and charred chunks were hauled off and piled in a heap, and for some years I scratched from it all the nails needed in the construction of the numerous contrivances of my boyish genius.

The loss of our home was the less overwhelming from the fact that it had been built, in the main by home labor. Little besides the nails and glass, had called for cash, and now the toil that had builded first could do it again. The brick walls were found

to be not greatly damaged. One or two cracks appeared, which were strengthened by braces and bolts and well anchored joists. A number of the neighbors lent a helping hand and so in a month or two, enough of the house was ready to furnish shelter for the family. Again it began to seem like home. The signs of fire disappeared, tho' two or three years elapsed before the house was finished.

At this home I passed most of my childhood; here I spent the years of youth; here my first manhood. For a quarter of a century it was the cheerished home of a plain and simple country family—father, mother brothers, and sisters—seven, with an eighth near by sleeping in a little grave.

Has the world a happier place than that household which is built up by the labor of all; that is sanctified by the unfeigned love of father, mother, brothers, sisters; where not the pretense, but the reality of unselfishness prevails? When one suffers all are grieved. When one wants all are concerned that the desire be realized. If one needs, all help. Its fireside is loved above all others. If one goes away his own heart stays behind, and the hearts of the others go with him. When he returns there is a glow of greater gladness over all. Wealth is not great enough to set fire to cupidity, nor is there the lack that engenders fretful anxiety and repining.

As children will we sometimes fussed and there were, now and then, boyish passions and small fights and scratches, but they were gone and repented of in a moment and never clouded the genuine attachment that began in infancy and grew with the passing years.

How can I ever be thankful enough for the home

of my earlier life? We grew into it and it became part of ourselves. A few flowers were started; then some trees and vines; with each passing season new plants were set; we watched them grow and breathed their fragrance in the spring, and rested in their summer shade, and feasted the eye on green leaves and many tinted blooms.

A rose bush spread till it covered the south wall of the house. Grape vines crept along the eaves, bringing with the autumn, such purple clusters as grew not elsewhere. Honey suckles climbed in tangles from many odd corners. A cedar no longer than the hand, planted at the garden gate, grew to a tall tree. An aspen beside the brook, was like the tree planted by the rivers of water, and when we left the old home our names had grown into the smooth, green bark cut there in boyish sport. Fruit trees multiplied and waxed great and spread their branches afar, and bore crops of lavish abundance. How I loved to gather the luscious milams, the golden pippins, the rich, crimson striped winesaps!

Beauty and utility are a kind of twin sisters and when they lock their arms about one another and trip daintily before the eyes, they make up a better poem than genius can put in language. The ungifted of speech may read it and be under the spell of its power. That country home, with its comforts and adornments, the hazy mountains in the distance and the blue sky above, was a hymn of praise and an ode of gladness.



CHAPTER V.

Solving the Great Problems of Life and Destiny.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." Childhood has its own characteristic mental processes. In the first budding thoughts the ideal is the real and the real the ideal. To the infant mind Kris Krinkle is as much a substantial entity as uncles and grandmothers, and the gross things of sense, filtered through the "tend like" of the little ones, become ethereal forms of beauty and perfectness. It is the bent of their minds to be drawn towards the unseen, and they enter into its secrets with an assurance of perfect knowledge. They reason with considerable intuitive truth about life and death and a future world, before their seniors give them credit for thinking on such subjects, and they naively reach conclusions that are more or less startling to older heads.

At the age of five, Jacob was not greatly bothered over the troubles of yesterday, and though his chief relish was of the things of to-day, yet he was by no means indifferent to what was going to happen on the morrow. He would busy his mind about to-morrow because of impatience to find out what it had in store, and passing to-morrow, his thoughts leaped over the stretch of human life, and he early began to speculate on the existence that continues beyond the grave.

Doubtless it was early training that turned some of his earliest ideas towards an unknown hereafter, but certain it is he entertained such ideas at a very

tender age. Among the recollections that go back the farthest is of the household at family prayer; the clear out lines of that scene are on one of the first pages of the book of memory.

Supper is cleared away and a tallow candle, in a short brass candle stick is dimly burning on the dining table, and mingling its light with the blaze of the nearly consumed chunks in the fire place. Mother has put aside her spinning wheel, Steve has come in from his basket making in the kitchen. The large print new testament is reached from its place on the mantle, and father moves his chair to the table. Fingering the leaves for a while he takes up the snuffers and trims the candle wick, and glancing around to see that all are quiet, reads, in slow and measured cadence, a portion of the sacred text; and then, on bended knee, gives thanks for blessings bestowed, and prays sustaining care to come.

Jacob, not unfrequently, went to sleep at prayer; or, more wakeful, possibly took an inventory of his pocket; and sometimes the floor hurt his knees and kept him shifting positions and wishing for the amen. But as the daily dampening in time, bleaches the linen, so the daily rendering of reverence to the unseen Father of all, by the parents, awakened in the children a simple faith that had no shadow of doubt. At the age of five, Jacob believed in the "Good Man" and the "Bad Man;" that good deeds would be rewarded and bad ones punished in another life; that the Good Man saw all his acts, knew all his thoughts, heard all his talk; that he wanted him always to do right, not to tell stories, to obey his parents, and that he would be rewarded at some way off future for his being good. Because the reward was put off Jacob chose to be naughty on oc-

casion, and he remembers yet how a little story about a trifle, weighed on his mind for months, and gave him no little worry.

But the "old bad man" was on the other hand, a no less real personage. If anything he was the more real; for in the big family bible, was his picture leering, hideous monster that fascinated the infant gaze and struck terror to the heart. His long crocodile jaws were half open as if in readiness to snap up naughty boys; the huge teeth seemed waiting to crunch their bones. The batshaped body, the claw tipped wings, the cloven feet and long, barbed tail, made up a total of impishness that impelled the child's gaze and made him tremble as well.

While Jacob had full faith in the being and goodness of the Good man, it was not of the kind that made obedience to his will cheerful. He should like to have been assured of all the good things of the future heaven, with the present privilege of being naughty in his behavior and having his own way. In theory he took sides with the Good Man, but in practice followed the bent of his own wishes which were sometimes bad. "The good that he would he did not and the evil he would not, that he did."

One so young may not be "guilty before God" of real sins, yet Jacob felt that some kind of confession and giving of confidence must be rendered before his relations were of the right kind with his creator. He was averse to making this confession, so much so in fact, that he would wonder why people were in this world anyhow, if they had to be punished in another world for having a good time here. His idea of having a good time was doing as he pleased without let. Jacob and his brothers and sisters would talk together of the hereafter, of its scheme of re-

wards and punishments. These talks would be more of how to escape the punishment, than of how to get the rewards.

Sometimes it was suggested that the creation of Adam was a bad thing to begin with, since all the human race was condemned because he had sinned. It was wrong they reasoned to punish one because another did wrong. It would be better not to be at all than to burn always in fire and brimstone, and if the first man and woman had not existed there would be none of their race to go to the bad world. Upon exhausting thought on this line, the stubborn fact recurred that there was an Adam and that they were his lineal descendants and heirs.

The problem was again solved with another "if," "if Adam had not sinned." In that case there would be nothing but good in the world and boys and girls would not want to be bad, but everybody would be always good and happy and be allowed to do all they wanted to, without a twinge of conscience and a fear of being punished. Yes indeed, that was the best way out of the trouble, and by unanimous consent it was agreed by each one of them that had they been in Adam and Eves place, the whole human race depending on them, through all time, they would not so much as have looked at the forbidden apple tree. Still the solid fact remained that they were in the world and that good and evil, the puzzle of wise men of all ages, stalked through the land.

Nothing daunted by these unsatisfactory results of their speculations, they would set to wondering why a beast was more highly favored than man; for the beast died and that was the end of it—no everlasting burning in another world. And then they would fall to recounting merits and demerits of the

various animals within their knowledge, and going over the good and the bad in the life of each, to see if, in the long run, it would not have been better for a boy or girl to have been one of them.

There was the horse, well fed, well cared for, warmly housed in winter, munching the green clover in summer, or standing contentedly under the shady locusts; but he had to work hard, and sometimes was beaten with clubs, and when he got old was often killed or turned loose in the old field to starve. There were objections to swapping places with the horse. But the cow was a highly favored animal, running in the field by day, sleeping undisturbed at night, having plenty to eat and nothing to do but be milked. And yet the cow, at last, was made beef of; who wanted to be fried into steak? The sheep had an easy life but its inevitable destiny was mutton. The pig enjoyed himself while he lived but the time between pig and pork was too short, and even the good brood sow, tho spared long, always came to an untimely end. Perhaps the weight of opinion was with the good house dog. He was a favorite even down to old age; his death bed was tenderly watched, and a grave was made for him on the hillside; yet even he had to lie outdoors at night in the dark; he got only the scraps to eat and was only a dog. On the whole it might be better for a boy or girl to be a beast but which beast was never fully decided.

The child of five is not different herein, from the mature man. The natural bent of everyone is to escape the penalty and cling to the sin, and search out a plan of salvation other than the simple "believe with the heart and confess with the mouth." Thousands would cut off a hereafter because they

fear a rewarding according to their deeds, like as these children thought it might be well to be changed into a beast that perishes, in order to escape a dreaded doom.

"What a strange perversity of human nature," exclaimed Jacob, "that persists, in spite of itself, in dreading the mysterious hereafter, and yet rejects the simple means of changing the dread of it into a joyful waiting till it comes. I am indulgent to my childish fear of the future, and can smile at its naive ways of dealing with the great problems of human destiny, but I am glad I am not a beast or a being that must one time cease to exist. What compares in value to living forever, and that life higher than the archangels? To be man is to be next in rank to the High and Lofty One who inhabits eternity. The soul redeemed is the highest exponent of the "power of God and the Wisdom of God," the being having the credentials of adoption into the family of the Lord Almighty, with prospective joint heirship to his eternal throne."

Death is the step round the screen which shuts off sight of the other world. In busy life that other world seems so far away; standing by death it seems so near. In our thoughts the two go hand in hand, and they combine to make up this chapter. Jacob's own words follow:

Not long after the burning of the home, as already detailed, a great sorrow fell upon the household. It was the growing season of green leaves and gay flowers. The spring sunshine enticed abroad to outdoor rambles across the fields, through the adjacent woods, and along the grassy fence rows. One day our tramp was longer than usual and before we returned sister Amy said she was tired. We rested

under the shade of a wild cherry tree and then followed the fence of the recently planted orchard to the house.

"I'm so glad we're home." She spoke wearily, and dropped into the low rocking chair. Her face was flushed and when mother came in she saw more in the blush of cheek and temple than had been put there by jaunt to the woods.

"What is the matter daughter; you have fever child."

"I am so tired muddy, can't I lie down and rest?"

"Yes my pretty one you shall get on mother's own bed and have a nice long rest and mother will sit by you for company."

I have not been a very attentive listener but notice particularly Amy's asking to go to bed, and I afterwards do a boys reasoning upon it.

She walked to the bed and permitted herself to be undressed and covered without an effort to assist in any way. She seemed not to care what happened.

Mother looked scared and sent sister Mag to the field for father, and then stooping over, kissed the flushed forehead and smoothed back the hair with her hand. She gazed at the face turned towards her with a look of fear in her eyes; her lips moved and a tear crept stealthily down her cheek.

I wondered what it all ment, and why every body's behavior was changed.

Father came in hurriedly, and he and mother talked together in a low voice. I heard the word doctor and a little while after, Steve was galloping away on old Mike, one of the plow horses.

Amy would whirl this side the bed and then that, now and again speaking a few words. Once she laughed a soft, rippling laugh and said "oh! the pretty squirrel."

I moped listlessly from room to room, and round the house and about the yard. Without a playmate I was out of sorts, restless and unhappy. Why were they all so quiet and solemn, and moving as if afraid their steps would be heard? It was all unnecessary. I would go and get my playfellow and put an end to all this tiresome way things were going on.

I turned and walked slowly back to the house. Somehow I cannot arouse my own spirits. I thought to whistle and spring into the room with a noisy bound and call briskly for sister to get up and romp with me. But I find myself tiptoeing across the floor. Amy is alone for the moment. I take her hot hand in mine, and in a frightened voice plead, "sister get up and let's go and play."

She looks at me without seeming to see me and says. "How bright the blaze is; I'm not afraid in the dark when the light shines in the darkness."

I am overwhelmed with awe and steal away to the loft and cry myself to sleep on the floor. My disappearance is overlooked till late bed time, and there is a mild commotion before I am found. I come downstairs and there is the doctor looking very grave his saddle bags open on the table, displaying many vials while tea spoons and tumblers are close by. I am soon asleep in the low trundle bed.

The doctor is still with us in the morning. The neighbors come in and greet one another in a low voice.

I go out and try to bounce my ball against the end of the house, but it won't bound with any spirit. I attempt a frolic with Trim but the spell is on him too. It is such a long day. No body cares for me and I crawl into Steve's bed in the kitchen and sleep all night.

Next day seems even worse. After breakfast I go to the pig pen and sit on the fence watching them eat, and thinking over matters to myself. Most of the neighbors are at the house.

Aunt Nancy comes out and in a low voice calls me. I go in with her. The people have handkerchiefs to their eyes. Mother's face is buried in the pillow close to sister, and there are smothered sobs. Father stands at the foot of the bed and is crying—the first time I ever saw him shed tears.

Sister is lying very still now.

Mrs. Johnson stoops and whispers in my ear "She is dead."

It was Saturday afternoon. They lay her on a broad plank, the ends of which rested on chairs and hang a white sheet for curtains. A man came and took the measure for the coffin. All next day the carpenters sawed and planed on the rough walnut planks, and nailed and hammered till the little casket was completed. I wondered why they worked on Sunday.

They lifted her into the little coffin. The preacher had come and they sang a hymn: "In Seasons of Grief Unto Thee will I cry. Lead me to the Rock that is Higher than I."

Mother looked again at the little sleeper and stepped away while the carpenter placed the lid and twisted in the screws.

The farm wagon bore the remains to the family graveyard and the people walked reverently behind.

A small marble headstone bore this record:

AMY.

Eldest child of Nicholas and Lydia Klodslor,

Born September 9th, 1836;

Died May 14th, 1847.

No flowers decked the fresh clay that rested above our dead, but awhile after, the birds she loved dropped a cedar berry upon the grave and the sunshine warmed it into life and it grows there in evergreen beauty, emblem of the life that never dies.

That evening we all gathered very quietly around the supper table. Mother poured the coffee in turn till she picked up sister's mug among the dishes. Putting it back quickly, she got up and went out. Father pretended to eat but didn't. I think I helped myself to a little more than usual.

I grieved because I had one less playmate, a kind of resenting grief at sister as if she could have kept off the death angel had she tried. All I had ever known to die, died in bed and I reasoned that if people would only stay out of bed they would not die. Now why had sister gone to bed that bright spring morning when she might just as well have stayed outside and played with me? To my mind, I had a clear right to be aggrieved.

I found mother sitting very still in her room faintly discernible in the fading twilight.

"Muddy, what makes people die."

"God wants them and that is the way he sends after them."

"Does folks want to die when God wants them?"

"Not always my boy."

"Then what makes God take them if they do not want to go?"

"He knows best when they ought to come to him."

"Did sister want to leave us and go to God?"

"I think she would like to have stayed with us."

"Will there be any little angels in heaven to play with her?"

"All the children have a happy time in heaven"—

"Muddy, why are people always in bed when they die?"

"They are sick, my child, and not strong enough to be up."

"What made you let sister go to bed that day we came from our walk? If she'd a stayed up and played with us—".

A choking sob startled me and put a stop to my gabble.

Time mellowed grief into a tender memory.

CHAPTER VII.

Playing Along the Creek and its Consequences.

About one mile from the farm ran the "big creek." It was only a small stream, but a boyish fancy enlarged it to great proportions; and indeed when heavy rains had fallen and run along the clayey gutters, through field and lane and leaped into the murky flood, the swollen, rapid, splashing tide looked so scarey and grand that Jacob would wonder if even the ocean were much larger and more liable to swallow up little boys. But as he grew older, this creek became a fascinating play ground. To wander along its tree and vine lined banks, to fish in its deep, willow shaded eddies, to gather wild plums and grapes from over hanging branch and vine, to swim in its summer warmed waters, were diversions never growing tiresome.

Not unfrequently the eager pursuits of these delightful things brought the boys into trouble; for as boys will, they spent hours that ought to have been passed in more necessary work.

The log school house was on the hill, near the

creek. Allured by the inviting shade and beckoned on by the laughing ripples below, and the waving boughs above, a class of the small boys would some times wander along the grassy banks quite beyond the prescribed limits of the play grounds, and when they would come to themselves, the hour of play time was gone and they some miles away. The frown on the brow of the master and the switch on the wall behind his chair, came to their minds, but did not inspire cheerfulness. There was no looking for bird's nests on the way back, no picking of chin-quepins from the bushes, no jolly talk and glad laughing. Every boy was for himself—the straightest way, and at a run. Arriving one at a time, each boy would try to slip into the house unobserved. The master's eye seemed somewhere else as the cul-pits sidled to his seats and in a little while the truants would begin to think their tardiness unnoticed.

The school hums along drowsily. The class of large boys in Fowler's arithmetic, is called. The lesson is in "the rule of three." The delinquents are making up lost time by a noisier "spelling out." "B-a ba k-e-r baker, l-a-la d-y de lady, t-i ti dy de tidy, h-o ho l-y le holy." Their eyes seek, furtively, the ciphering class of big boys, and they wonder if ever they themselves could possibly get enough learning to work sums in the rule of three. Such a thing seemed then, to their juvenile minds, like a journey to the moon, a thing utterly beyond them. All absorbed, they had forgotten the trepidation of an hour ago, but were brought up with a jolt when the class at recitation got through.

"Jacob, come here." The voice was mild but the eye was hard." "William step this way." "George you may come too, and Frank and Peter and Wash-

ington." His eye hooks each culprit as he is named and draws him as by a spell, and seems all the time repeating "how dare you?"

Each boy skulked forward in single file and stood trembling in the awful presence.

After a becoming silence as comported with the seriousness of the matter in hand, "what excuse" cried the master, "have you all for not coming to books with the rest of the school? You were all an hour late." The tone was not reassuring.

Seven boys stood in a row with a lump in their throats that hindered talking.

"No answer? I'll see if I can find your tongues for you" and with that he reaches the long, keen willow from its resting nail on the wall.

"We went off up the creek—huh—sir, looking for plums and got further away than we aimed to." "Yes, and it seemed such a little while and we didn't mean to miss books—boo—hoo."—Snuffing and tears all round, and "we wont do it any more," in chorus.

Possibly the master was softened by the tears. To their great surprise and relief the boys were dismissed to their seats without punishment.

There can be collected a whole book of evidence to prove that a boy is an amphibious animal when he can apply the water himself without the accompaniment of soap and towel. The creek draws him in spite of himself. He forgets all else when wading its gravelly bed, jumping from boulder to boulder, slipping down its banks, and getting his trousers wet, his legs scratched on briars, and his clothes torn. At times the boys were sent on errands, which, a sight of the creek would drive out of mind till the sun was low in the west. Then an accusing

conscience would lash them home in a great hurry, perhaps to be punished by a few swipes of peach tree sprout across the back, or maybe to receive the kind but grieved reproof of father or mother for the delinquency. The boys ordinarily preferred the rod in these cases, because they felt that then they had a grievance of their own to offset the faults charged to themselves. Taking the whipping was payment in full for the offense. But the gentle reproof and reproachful look in mother's eyes left a boy no plea for himself. It cut his heart all up and how glad he would have been not to have gone wrong in the first place! All penitence, he promises better next time, and means it, but not long after, the fault is to be atoned for again.

Nearing the last stage of an ordinary life that boy is still erring, repenting, promising better and erring again. At the evening hour, recounting the deeds of the day, he feels that the only right prayer is "forgive me my trespasses" and after another day is done, the same prayer seems just as needful. What a heavenly Father! So wondrous kind and patient and willing to forgive times without number.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Negro's Part in Neighborhood Affairs.

The social as well as the economic life of the south was of a character all its own, made so by the peculiar institution of slavery. The negroes and the whites came together on terms of the greatest familiarity and freedom and yet with an impassable wall of separation between them. The black and

white children played together, wrestled, ran races, jumped, fought on occasion. They grew up and loved one another with a life time affection, and still there was the gulf between as wide as the Pacific ocean. These two relations of intimate, trustful, almost brotherly association on the one hand, with the infinite distance of separation on the other warped the character of both races. The whites, perfectly self satisfied in their superior vantage, and sure of their position, even encouraged these close relations, calling the old darkies uncle and aunt, and leaving the children largely to their care, to romp with their little ones and imbibe their ways. As a rule the negroes were contented and happy, taking things as they were and as a matter of course. The race were not numerous in the region round about Jacob's home. His father inherited a boy that grew up with the children. He was some years Jacob's senior and took him on many a trip, or hunt in the woods, or search for chestnuts, grapes and berries. Steve, for that was his name, was very black, but with less lip development than belongs to the typical negroes. He was intelligent and a good worker. When the children had advanced sufficiently in their studies at school, they began to teach Steve and he soon learned to read quite well and write a very good hand. He took great delight in his studies and was as proud as he could be, of his writing, showing off among the neighboring black folks by writing letters for them.

From early childhood Jacob was sorry for the negro and felt like there was a wrong somehow in his situation. Looking back to the old days through the mellowing years, he feels sure that slavery was bad for both races, but this story is not for the purpose

of excusing or condemning. Slavery was and is here spoken of as it was in one locality, though the events are remembered like a dream, so far away and unreal do they now seem. The experience with Steve made it clear that even a little education and slavery would not go together. The limited book learning imparted to him by the children made him discontented. It put his mind to unrest. He meditated of freedom as he grew older though he did not talk much about it. His mind brooded and spurred him to much going about at night and neglecting his work in the day time, and doubtless he would have gone across the lines the first opportunity, had not his longings been anticipated by death just as the war opened.

Yet he loved us and we loved him and trusted him entirely. Cap, a servant on a neighboring farm was the close friend of Steve and Sunday rarely found them apart. Cap would come over Saturday nights and while father and mother and the older children were at church next day, there would be a great game of marbles, James, a younger brother and Steve on one side with Cap and Jacob on the other. Steve was the best player, but Jacob could beat James, so that it was a fairly equal dividing of the forces. The ground was clean, smooth and level and some of those Sunday battles were contested with consummate skill, vigor and earnestness. During these games sometimes protracted for hours, Steve would carry baby brother on his left arm and never grow tired.

Another diversion of theirs was dog fights. The tender hearted reader is asked to skip a few lines right here, though this is not in defense of dog fights nor of a Sunday game of marbles. In fact

both are improper, yet actually they not seldom occurred in the back woods of a not thickly settled country, half a century ago. Steve and Cap each owned a yellow dog of the bull species, which, it was one of their greatest joys, to get into a fight; and to come to the whole truth two or three boys had a most extraordinary jumping and dancing at the heart when the dogs would begin to pull at their chains and growl and snap at each other. Released they dart forward and clinch. One takes an ear the other a leg. Their teeth grind into each other's flesh. The blood trickles in little streams. Down and up, back and forth they rear and tumble the grip never loosening, no sound from either beast, while their masters dance about and set them on.

"Go for him, Bounce," "gnaw him Tige," "Good dog Bounce tear his ear off." "Down him Tige and chaw up that foot." Now there is a crunch as of teeth in contact with bones. Bounce, desperate with pain, makes a savage lunge and wrenches his foot loose, and in the grab for newer holds, Bounce seized Tiges upper jaw between his teeth while his own lower jaw was in Tiges mouth. Then began a most terrific struggle. Either dog would have died rather than yield. Exhausted at last, they stand and slowly saw their teeth into one another. Even the negroes have enough, and taking the dogs by a hind leg, pull and whip till they get them apart.

Steve was an expert basket maker and some of his wares were real works of art. One of them is still in the family a much valued souvenir, prized as highly as any relic of those old days. By basket making he earned his spending money. The long winter nights he spent working at this trade and Cap was often with him and worked as a kind of

apprentice to basket making. The occasion of these evening visits was always a notable one to the boys; for there was sure to be tale telling, singing or something equally delightful. The tales were always harrowing, marvellous, ghostly. The more wild and improbable the better. Panther and bears and mountain lions carried off little boys and scratched through the roof of houses and tore up woman and children and glared with firey eyes at the little girl hid under the bed, and swallowed the baby and did a hundred horrid things. Men without heads walked the roads at midnight, and Cap averred that he had met and been almost frightened to death at such a man just a few nights before. It pointed its finger at him as if telling him to run. He dashed away and it came after him at what would have been a break neck speed, had it had any neck to break. As it was about to grab him with its bony clammy hands he fell over in a faint and when he came to himself it was gone. Then it was spectres from the graveyard, warning of death or sickness or some great calamity. The eye of the ancient mariner had no power of facination equal to these tales to a boy. Frightened to the highest pitch he listened still and when he went away to bed would lie awake trembling for hours, afraid to uncover his head, listening for the scream of the panther on the roof or dreading lest the headless man should turn down the cover, seize and carry him off. Parents may have been to blame for allowing these things, but they were allowed and by reason of it the slave had a very large share in shaping the character of the white people of the south.

There was less of harm in the association when the spirit moved to the singing of the old plantation

songs. Their voices were pliant and musical and hands, head and feet kept time to the music. At the exciting places one of the singers would bound to his feet, contort his body, leap, fall to the floor and go out in a groan of pretended exhaustion. Their songs were chiefly of a lively kind, even the plaintive retaining an element of a smile. This for instance:

There was an Old Nigger and his name was Uncle Ned

And he died long long ago.

He had no wool on the top of his head

De place where de wool ought to grow.

Chorus

Lay down de shubble an de hoe

Hang up de fiddle and de bow

Dere's no more wuk fur poo' old Ned,

Fuh he's gone whur de good niggers go.

Old Ned he had fingers like de cane in de brake.

And he had no eyes fur to see,

He had no teeth fur to crack corn cake,

So he had ter let de corn cake be,

Chorus

The turns and twists and twirls and catches and stops they could give the air often made it comically serious. There was a song the words of which have been forgotten except two lines remembered only on account of the satirical humor they used to put in them, and the ha, ha, ha of derision that always followed their repetition. The lines were:

"That Old Virginia nigger when he thought himself free,
Was then right on the road to the penitentiary—ee"

Was this a heart longing cry for liberty, pathetic in the highest because concealed under a mocking laugh? It seems that way now, though very amus-

ing then. Another song grew out of the custom of appointing patrols to see that the negroes stayed in their quarters at night. It gave them extreme pleasure to elude these nocturnal guards and they celebrated their narrow escapes by song. The negroes called these guards "patty rolers," and they embalmed the name in the chorus:

"O! run nigger run the patty roler I catch you:
O! run nigger run it's almost day."

Then the lines went on thus wise:

"That nigger run that nigger flew,
That nigger run himself in two."

Chorus

"That nigger run he run his best,
He run his head in a hornets nest."

Chorus

"That nigger run he run around,
And the holler of his foot made a hole in
the ground."

Chorus

And so on *ad libitum*. They delighted in word contradictions in their songs as in the well known Susanah:

It rained all night the day I left
The weather it was dry
It was so hot I froze to death
Susanah, don't you cry.

Their love ditties were dainty or rollicking as the mood came and went. There is no tenderer, or more soulful love dreaming than that of Sambo when by the side of his mistress he sings:

"We'll row, we'll row, oe'r the water so blue,
Like a feather we'll float in the gum tree canoe."

Or again what is more delightfully good natured than Cuffee's Dinah with:

"Her eyes so bright
They shine at night
When de moon am gone away."

And what a sad parting is this:

"De buckwheat cake was in her mouf
De tear was in her eye
I tells you love I's goin souf
Susannah don't you cry."

With songs and tales many an evening was whiled away to the immense delight of the small boy. The negro was a grown up child with a child's fancy still, and with all a child's delight in the marvelous, and in spectacular effect. They loved to display their story telling ability and their lively imagination enabled them to do it with success. In the white children they found appreciative and attentive listeners who gladly sought the negro quarters at evening time, and left them with reluctance.

The corn shucking season was one of unalloyed bliss among the colored people. Then all the farms in turn had their "husking." Invitations went out and the men and women gathered from many plantations. The corn had been gathered and lay along side the crib in a uniform rick divided into two equal parts, by a cut across the center. Captains were appointed, who by a time about choice, selected each an equal number of the huskers. At a word the contest begins. The ears of corn rain into the crib. The rick melts away as if by magic. Great piles of shucks fly back and are taken off by carries. The leaders cheer on their men. One side begins a monotonous chant, inspired by thoughts of the waiting supper:

First cap.—Corn dodgeh an spare rib pork
Makes niggeh fat.

Sec cap.—Possum brown and tatehs baked
Guess him beats that.

All—Possum, tatehs, spah ribs gravy
Dinah, you makes my mouf wateh.

First cap.—Chichen pie and backbone stew
Not so bad heself.

Sec cap.—Pumkin pie to top it off
Jus lay him on de shelf.

All—Chicken, backbone, punken pie.
Huh Linda hole me, I's goin—

First cap.—Buckwheat cake an apple lasses—
Sop 'em good an strong.

Second cap.—Light bread, butteh smeah in honey
Taste 'em slow an long.

All—Buchwheat honey, butteh lasses—
I's a scornin ob de *puncheon right now.

Far into the night the chant goes on; hands move in unison with the well timed voices; ears of corn fall with rythmic regularity, To the onlooker there is a thrill and a charm about it all that pleases not a little.

But suddenly there is a yell and a great commotion and running together of the men. One side has won and is shouting the victory. The defeated captain has seized his antagonist and a fierce struggle begins for the mastery in wrestling. The crowd thickens around the two men as they strain every muscle and brace themselves and twist and watch for vantage. The supreme moment approaches. The onlookers are breathless. If the victor captain wins now, he is carried in triumph on the shoulders of his men, and installed at the head of the supper

*Puncheon—A broad slab with legs used as a table. The idea is an overwhelming desire to get to the supper table.

table. Should the defeated captain throw his opponent he retrieves part of the disaster of the evening. It soothes the spirit of his followers and accordingly detracts from the ardor of the victors who lose enthusiasm over their leader and let him find his own way to supper.

The table is crowded from end to end, not a place for another dish. There are great heaps of spare ribs, backbones, pigs heads, the rich gravy trickling from them to the dish. An immense chicken pie steaming from the oven, occupies the place of honor at the head of the table; pumpkin custards and apple tarts in stacks take up space at close intervals in easy reach that every one may help himself. Light bread, biscuit and corn pone is passed round and the great feature that made the corn shucking so popular, shows out in its brilliancy. Knives and forks are in small demand. Fingers are more handy and the eaters are not averse to a good share of gravy around the mouth. It does not take long to clear up the meats garnished with apple butter, stewed fruits of all kinds, boiled, fried and baked potatoes. Each one is served with a heaping plate of the chicken pie followed by a course of apple tarts and pumpkin custards, washed down with copious draughts of coffee, milk or tea. The last round is light buckwheat cakes floating in butter and honey or sweet apple molasses. On some rare occasions a fat possum baked to a turn and piled around with sweet potatoes and served to the elders. It is too savory a dish to be divided in half messes among the promiscuous crowd. The eating is a luxury kept up so long as another bite can be swallowed. All eat and are filled, with much left over.

The youngsters now make merry late into the

night, the older ones go home, or lie in the shucks asleep dreaming doubts of the next "husking." So far as mere animal happiness goes these colored people were as happy as could be. They took no thought of the morrow, but were provided for, well fed, well clothed, kindly treated. They were cared for and nursed when sick.

"When Steve was in his last sickness he was taken to mothers room," said mine host softly, "and there upon the bed where her own children had slept, was nursed as tenderly and watched over by night and by day as anxiously as if he had been an own child and I remember how grieved I was, and how the tears gushed from my eyes when I knew that he was dying. He lies in the family graveyard not far from a dear little sister, and I have a good assurance of meeting both of them when the grave shall give up its dead."

CHAPTER IX.

How School got a Holiday.

In all lives there are periods a little brighter than the rest. The sun shines a trifle clearer, the scent of the air is sweeter, the leaves are greener, the shade is cooler and just to be is a joy. One such time was to Jacob when he used to walk one and a half miles to school, through the woods, of a spring morning. The tall oaks and chestnuts and poplars interlocked their leafy branches high above the road. The birds sang in the tree tops, the squirrels swung from limb to limb, or peeped, chattering from a knot hole, or ran nimbly up a huge trunk; a great owl sometimes stared from his deeply shaded perch, or a coon belated from a depredating visit to a near by grain field, sought his hiding place; or perhaps a pair of crows cawed back defiance at the farmer whose young corn they had scratched up. It all made his heart beat high with a joy he did not stop to analyze. Those walks seem in his memory like a trip through paradise.

And there was at the end of the way another little log school house nestled among trees at the base of a great, high knob covered over with birch and pine and hemlock, and down whose sides the boys would roll heavy boulders that went crashing to the level land; or, on long boards, amuse themselves coursing down its steep inclines. The house was built of hewn logs and the cracks chinked with mortar. At one end was the door while a broad wooden chimney daubed thick with mud, squatted against the other for a fire place. A log cut out from each side, with thin domestic stretched over the openings, constituted the windows. This is the place Jacob began his contest with Fowler's arithmetic and in course of time, won a victory over the dreaded "rule of three." At this place he was also initiated into one of the common customs of the period, which was called "barring out," a custom of almost universal observance in those old days.

When the Christmas days began to draw near, the students would be seen whispering together in groups. An air of mystery prevails. Half a dozen boys are yonder talking in great earnestness. The master happens to step their way and at once they hush and separate. The big girls have their heads together in whisper and are full of mystery. A great secret tugs and pulls at the heart of the school. And yet it is no secret. The master knows what it is all about and generally humors the illusion. He knows a plot is brewing to close the door against him in order to enforce a treat and a holiday. By long usage well established rules of procedure have grown up and they are adhered to with all strictness and decorum.

Christmas or the schoolday nearest it is chosen as most appropriate. Should the master arrive first on the day fixed and get possession, there was an end of it all and no further attempt could be made. The school, greatly crest fallen, gave in and went to their books, if not cheerfully, at least submissively.

Sometimes a fun loving master, having dismissed school and made a show of going home, would steal back to the school house and sleep there. The boys

coming early even before day, would find him in possession.

In most cases the barring out was successful. When the master came he found the door closed and barricaded against him. The girls and smaller children were put inside while the larger boys remained without to watch events and hold parly about the ransom. As the master in possession could not be turned out, so the master out must either treat or take a ducking. On this score the law was as absolute as that of the Medes and Persians. The parly might go on for an hour or more. If the master was stubborn the worse for him. If he proved amenable to argument he was let off the more lightly. The master of swift foot might talk the boys from one position to another without committing himself, till a chance came round when he would dash away with the speed of a fox. In wild pursuit the boys follow yelling and making the woods resound with their cries. If he outfoots them he escapes the penalty the same as if he had entered the house first; but the better wind is usually with the pursuers. They gain ground, the gap narrows and he is taken. Now for the nearest water. The ice may have to be broken, for ice or no ice he goes under or treats. Generally at the last moment he yields; not always however. Stubborn masters have been dipped under and turned loose shivering and glad to go home leaving the school to a holiday.

The pupils were easily satisfied in the matter of what the treat should be. Some apples and a few gallons of cider were all sufficient. Of course there were no lessons to get or say. The whole day was "play time." The door was opened, the imprisoned girls and small boys turned out and with triumphant rejoicing they wait for the messengers who have been sent after the things. The day wanes to the after noon before the cider and apples arrive and the school is getting impatient. What is the matter? Only the apples had not been found as readily as expected. The children are drawn up in lines and all served equally with the fruit and such as want it take a drink of the cider. Apples were not so plentiful then

as they came to be afterwards, so that they were a sure enough treat to most of the pupils. The closing hour is not far off. The children are getting tired of play. The larger boys loll on the leaves and some of them complain of being sick. The list of the ailing increases and there is consternation. It turns out that some practical joker has mixed whisky with the cider. Fortunately not many drank of it and only a few of the larger boys got drunk some of whom had to be carried home. It scandalized the school for awhile, but the master was hardly to blame for it unless it was a fault to allow cider at all.

CHAPTER X.

Camp Meeting.

As Jacob remembers it, the most famous event of the year was the camp meeting. His home had no village or common meeting place near. Even the post office was seven miles away. It is true there was preaching once a month at the log school house but only the immediate neighborhood attended that. A log rolling or a house raising once in awhile, called the neighbors together but the camp meeting was the only occasion where the people for many miles around gathered and remained a week in the delightful social and religious intercourse that is characteristic of a simple folk in the early stages of a country's development. The old camp ground was set apart for religious purposes early in the century and had been the center of revival influences for many years before Jacob came upon the scene. It was an ideal location. A small brook glided over a pebbly bed, across one corner of the inclosure, while a large deep spring gushed by nature out of solid limestone rock, flowed off in a bold stream, from an opposite corner and was the watering place for the whole camp. Jacob used to lie flat on the rock and suck up its cold, clear

water with keen delight. Tall oaks, and young hickories, gnarled elms, and graceful sycamores spread above as an umbrella of shade. In the center of the ground was a long shed, built with a view to strength and permanence. Heavy locust posts supported "plates" hewn square with the broadax, from the fallen tree. These were tied with girders of the same material, all pinned together with wooden bolts and braced at every angle, with heavy bracing. A gable roof made of boards split from the forest oak, covered in the structure. Seats were made of heavy lumber without backs, the ends resting on log stringers. The tall pulpit stood at an end and its high sides would conceal about all of a short preacher, except his head and shoulders.

Around the shed were pitched the "tents," in an inner and outer row, leaving a good wide street between. The tents were built also for permanence. The frame stood on heavy sills and was all morticed and fitted together. The weatherboarding was good poplar planks and the roof the universally used board riven from the tree. Many of the tents had a "loft" reached by a ladder, where the young men and boys slept. The fourth "quarterly conference" of a "circuit" that took in miles, and miles of territory, came in September and drew together the official members and it was at this time, when crops were laid by and there was leisure from farm work, that the meeting was held. Some days in advance, the nearer residents would gather to clean up the grounds. The trash and leaves and rubbish of all kinds were raked and swept together and burned. Missing seats were hunted up and replaced. The owners of tents cleaned them of cobwebs and dust and the litter left over from last year and when this was all done the ground was strown with pennyroyal to sweeten it and drive away insects. These cleaning up days had their pleasant side. There is always more or less enjoyment gotten out of preparatory labor. If one desires the coming of a thing greatly he will find lightness of heart in making the way for it. It was with a thrill of pleasure that all preparation being made, the men sat down to rest and

look over their work and see it well done and think of what was in store for soul and body only a week hence. It was something of the same joy that filled Omnipotence when he looked upon his six days work and was pleased with it and pronounced it very good. So those far off days impressed Jacob and he is thankful for the sacred memory of them.

Jacob's father lived only a mile from the camp ground, but yearly camped with his family. There were always as matter of course the preparatory stewing and baking. A cheese must be made, plenty of butter saved, eggs laid aside, chickens cooped and fattened, and the first pig of the season slaughtered. The necessary supply of bedding, chairs, tables, cooking pots, dishes, flour, ham, bacon, fruits, garden vegetables, whatever is needful for the week of worship, all are loaded into wagons and driven away.

It is a stirring scene on the grounds. Campers are coming in from all quarters. Some are unloading wagons. Some leading their stock to water. Yonder is a group passing the first greetings after a year of absence. Axes resound chopping wood. Women are making down beds or arranging the larder. A number of small boys are wading the creek. Half a dozen girls are coming from the spring with buckets of water. At the back of the tents many colored aunties are picking and dressing chickens. Wagon loads of clean straw are being spread thick under the seats and along the aisles of the altar. Children are chasing one another over the benches, leaping from seat to seat, noisy and happy. Several pairs of young men and maidens saunter among the trees, or sit on the grass having the same kind of a time that young men and maidens are still having when they meet at romantic places. As the sun is about to bid fairwell to a day his beams had permeated with glory, the delightful odor of roasting coffee and frying ham is borne on the soft air. The evening meal is soon prepared and when ready despatched with a relish only known to appetites sharpened by toil and the open air. Order is now at last brought out of confusion. The

tables are cleared and the people are ready for the first service of the meeting.

The best preachers in reach were always present to assist. Local preachers did much to help them on and there was onehearted cooperation of preachers and people. The presiding elder was in charge, and there was a good deal of adherence to definite program. At day light the Elder would poke his long tin trumpet from the window of the preacher's tent, and blow a blast long and loud, as the signal for getting up and preparing breakfast. The preachers divide out among the tents, and hold morning prayer.

The first service began early and was always signaled by a blast of the trumpet. Jacob used to watch the window for the shiny trumpet and listen with awe to its resounding noise, echoing and reechoing through the woods. The people would come from all quarters, in wagons, a foot, on horseback, in buggies. All around on the outside horses with saddles and harness stood in thick array. Within, crowds jostled one another and pressed to seats, or stand near in mass to listen, or afar off to talk.

Preaching all the time would have been tiresome. The morning hour was pretty well occupied while most of the afternoon was devoted to pleasant social doings. Friends met and conversed. Such as pleased walked about the groves, and the more devout sought a retired sylvan shade for prayer meeting. Often the prayer meeting resulted in great religious enthusiasm and those engaged in it would come in signing and shouting to the night service and an irresistible and mightily felt, unseen power would take hold of the congregation and move it with pentecostal fervor and effect.

The preachers of those days were not afraid to quote Christ's words about hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Like the great apostle to the Gentiles, knowing the terror of the Lord they sought to persuade men. One text Jacob calls to mind was "For the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand?"

The sermon was by a local preacher of overpowering eloquence. He drew an awful picture of the doom of the wicked and as he spoke their terrors, calling on the mountains and rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of the Almighty, the vast throng was convulsed and trembling, and like the jailer at Philippi ready to cry out "what must I do to be saved."

In the year 1842, occurred at this camp ground, a tragedy of melancholly interest. Jacob received the details from his mother, for at that time, he was sleeping, an infant, in the cradle, less than an eighth of a mile away, at the home where his father then lived. There was a large congregation pressed together under the shed, for a rain was threatening. A noted preacher was in the pulpit and as he reasoned of righteousness and judgment, his words began to be enforced by darkening clouds and leaping bolts of lightning. The terrors of the scene deepened as the preacher and the elements approached the climax. The wrath of the Almighty against sin was depicted in burning human words and Omnipotence seemed to enforce what the preacher said, by the voice of thunder and the lightning shining out from the deep darkness. Women fainted. Men shuddered and hid their faces and were mute with awe. Then came a crash as if the very heavens had crushed together. Terror overwhelmed the people, preacher and all. Not fifty paces from the pulpit stood a large red oak tree. Its top reached high to wards the clouds, and it was no more than two steps from that tree to the door of a tent. In the door stood a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the daughter of a noble, wealthy and prominent family. With her youthful charms, sweet and gentle ways and kind heart she had won the love of all, and especially of the worthy and brave youth that stood by her side, her affianced lover. The darkened heavens and the thunder and the lightning awed these two people and others near them into a deep, almost breathless silence. It was then that the fiery bolt leaped to the top of the oak tree, sped down the trunk, leaving scarcely a trace

of its route and divided its charge between the lovers. They were lovely in life and in death they were not divided. Friends laid them to rest in the same grave. Others received a share of the shock but were not fatally hurt. A relative of Jacobs, was among the latter and she was carried to his father's house and there cared for till she recovered.

For a long time the red oak stood and was pointed out to strangers, and the story of the tragedy told. But the subtle fluid had permeated through all its vital parts, so that slow decay set in. The branches fell off and finally it had to be cut down. The stump remained years afterwards and many a time Jacob sat on it and thought over the sad event connected with its history.

A boys enjoyment of the camp meeting was of various kinds. He did not relish all sermons. He wanted leave to run and jump and wade the creek and be boisterous, or to slip out to a chinquepin hunt or steal over to Aunt Mimie's ginger cake tent, or go in search of haw trees or plague some of the bashful young men with their sweethearts, or do even naughtier things, and get solemnly reprimanded by some of the grave and revered seniors. The boys used to be sent home with Steve to milk the cows and bring back from the farm such things as were needed. On these trips they would get some peaches or watermelons and carry them back to sell. The money obtained was most times spent with Aunt Mimie, for her fat, light ginger cakes. The negroes had a row of tents a little ways off from the others, and separated from them by the spring branch. Here was ginger bread headquarters and many a silver five cent piece found its way from the small boy to Aunt Mimie's hands.

All too quickly the week sped away. The parting hour came with its farewells and its memories. Many things had occurred not to be forgotten and the good byes were brightened by thoughts of again meeting. And yet it was suggestive of tears to see the tent fires put out, the furnishings torn up, one after another of the camper's wagons, heavily loaded, driving from the grounds. One felt the

weight on the heart, of the stillness falling over all the scene. It becomes the deserted village, so still that an echo of the voice is frightening, after so much of life and activity.

It was not possible for so many persons to come and go for a week, without losing some articles of value, so there was an inducement for the colored folks and small boys to go there and search for lost coins, pocket knives and the like. The first Sunday after the meeting was the day for the hunt. Steve and Cap and James and Jacob and perhaps some neighbor boys would go to gather some chinquepins but always make it convenient to include the camp ground in the journey. A close search in the straw, revealed innumerable pins, some dimes and half dimes, a pocket knife now and then and once in a while something more valuable. Steve raked up a pair of solid silver spectacles, worth several dollars which he left to the family when he died. They are still held as a cherished keepsake. The only thing of worth Jacob ever found was a white handle pocket knife with three blades, which he was very proud of.

The school house lot joined the camp ground and it was a favorite place for play with the school children. It was famous for hide and seek, though he was a bold boy who would venture to hide in the more sequestered tents. That old camp ground for half a century fashioned the religious status of thousands of people. Truly could it be said of a great number: "This or that man was borne there."

But it is now a memory. The railroad and the telegraph came and fashion ruled it as antiquated. The thousands that began to come to its meetings came merely to see and be seen. Piety was put to rout by vain show. The campers quit the ground and the civil war came on to disrupt and destroy. The creek is there and the spring is there, but the primeval forest has given way to the ax and the old grounds are surrounded and covered by a lively city where the locomotive whistles day and night and the iron furnace glares through the darkness. Traffic rushes in a mighty stream and buying and selling or getting gain is the motive power of the people.

Many fine churches point there spires heavenward and fashionable congregations kneel on Brussels carpets and listen to more highly refined sermons. Still it may not be said the former days were better than these. They served their generation as the day demanded and their successors doubtless are alike in the line of duty.

CHAPTER XI.

Treats of Various Things.

There was no room for startling events in the early life of Jacob Klodsloe. His days were all common place. He attended three or four months of winter school each year. Plowed and planted and hoed and did a boys work on the farm. He gathered apples, made cider, went to mill, "minded the gap" dug the potatoes. He was allowed time to play, to go after chestnuts, to climb the mountains for huckleberries, and sometimes to visit neighbor boys. He heard about the fourth of July but the day was less to him than hog killing time. Christmas had its attractions and its drawbacks among the latter, listening to a sermon of great length when he wished very much to be at play. He had perfect faith in Old Kris Krinkle, and always hung up his stocking or rather turned down his hat on the dining table. They told that if a boy was greedy and used anything larger than his hat, he would get a dead mouse for a gift. On one occasion Steve thinking he would get more gifts than any body, went to the barn for the half bushel measure, and turned it at a handy place on the table. Next morning there was the dead mouse sure enough and Steve got laughed at for his greediness. There were no rich gifts in those days. A ginger cake, two or three sticks of candy and the like were all that Jacob and his brothers and sisters had to make merry over, but they were enough. The least things please them that are not looking for greater things. It was an accepted belief with the children that Kris Krinkle would not come

so long as any of them remained awake on Christmas eve, and Jacob used to spend more than than the night awake, trying his best to go to sleep, and all the time afraid to look towards the fire place lest the old fellow should just then come down the chimney, and seeing the watching eyes, go back again, carrying off all his gifts. Is Jacob much better off now that he has lost the perfect faith of childhood, and instead of believing all things, comes nearer doubting all things?

The chronicler of these events has said that Jacob Klodsloe saw more in hog killing time than in independence day. Why not? He was the son of undemonstrative people that worked hard, had no desire for fame and thought there was more patriotism in building homes, and filling the land with plenty, than in wasting gunpowder and disturbing the air with spread eagle oratory. Jacob had never seen fireworks, but he used to blow up all the hog bladders and hang them away to dry for Christmas, when they would be brought out before day and exploded by jumping on them. In this way noise enough would be made to arouse the household.

Yes hog killing day had charms not to be despised. Very early when the dawn was yet a good ways off the fires would be kindled under the great brass cauldron and the big iron pots. As the flames shoot up and lap around the vessels, the white steam rises and the air bubbles dance upward through the water, to simmering music. Jacob, who went to bed, vowing he would be the first one up, turns drowsily on his pillow and with eyes half open, sees the bright blaze through the window. Vexed at sleeping so late, he jumps from bed, and, buttoning as he goes half running through the darkness, all out of breath, gets to the scene of preparation. How he stands around, first on this side of the burning heap, then on that, to escape the smoke, rubbing his eyes, chunking up the fire, dodging the flying fragments of stones, the most important personage on the ground.

A dozen fat porkers would be slaughtered and dressed and hung in a row on a strong pole. It

was a delight to watch old uncle Ben, with his keen knife open the hanging carcass so deftly, removing the offal with consummate skill, and ending it all with a drenching of clear, cold water. Ben was grandfather's favorite servant and had been trained from boyhood in such work as this. Cutting and salting the meat, chopping the sausage with a sharp ax and rendering the lard in large boilers before the broad kitchen fireplace made work till late in the night so that all were tired and sleepy when the quitting hour came. Two days had been crowded into one and everybody was glad that it was over. The sausage and souse and liver pudding and spare ribs and pigs feet and back bones and cracklin bread were on the bill of fare for the rest of the winter.

It was before the days of kerosene oil. Tallow dips or tin lamps filled with lard were used for lighting purposes. Occasionally bees wax was moulded into candles. When the supply of tallow or lard ran short, fat pine knots or dry boards made a very good substitute even as a light to read by. Jacob loved reading and the few books he could get were read many times. There was a short history of Greece and another of England and Goodrich's history of the United States, two or three of the English poets and the bible. These were his library. The poets were his favorites. He used to dream over their beautiful thoughts and think what a glorious thing it would be if he could write such beautiful things. The history of the Jews in the bible, was to him, more fascinating than the most thrilling romance. Creation, the flood, Noah, Babel, Abraham, what wonderful events and what grand heroes! If the word sublime may be used in describing a man, it will fit no human so well as Abraham. Others had sublime courage, faith, energy, zeal; but the great Hebrew leader seemed to combine all attributes into a sublime whole, the greatest hero of all the ages. No story before or since ever stirred him to the depths as did the simply told tale of Joseph; and little Moses! was there ever a child who tired of hearing of him over and over? What hero of romance or history storms a boys heart, like

unto Sampson or the young David? The wars of Israel and of Juda and their kings and the strange and wonderful parts played by the prophets, while over all Jehovah's hand was directing, planning, to the working out of His own wise and eternal purpose. Jewish history is an epic, the grandest one ever written. Homer never conceived incident so pathetic, imagery so grand, machinery so startling and narrative so well sustained. Jacob felt the spell of those ancient kings and prophets about him. He could almost see the aged Elijah cross the Jordan that last time and meet the flaming chariot and bid farewell to the young Elisha. He loved to be alone and give play to the imagination and dream dreams and cherish impossible wishes and always admire to do such things as were done by the hero of the story.

He was boy enough to love play intensely. He loved the pigs, the chickens, the calves the birds and pets of every kind. One of his most pleasing recollections is of a coming home from school and finding that a neighbor had brought him a little pup. It was a happy care to feed and provide for its comfort. He used to nurse it and smooth its soft fur with his hands. As it grew he romped and rolled with it on the grass and when it came to be a dog would go rabbit hunting with it or throw sticks in the pond and Trim would swim for them. The dog got into the bad habit of running about at night and began to be charged with sheep killing. Jacob would not believe the charge and stuck to his playmate, but guilty or not he was condemned and executed. The boy came home from school one day to find his dog lying stiff and cold in death, a bullet hole through his head. He cried over the poor dead body and talked to it and patted its bloody cheek, so chill and unresponsive, till darkness drove him to the house.

He was not exempt from the fault of too many children, of disputing and fussing and quarreling with brothers and sisters. Though these disturbances were short lived and repented of as soon as the ebullition of passion subsided, they were much to be

deplored and sometimes caused the doing of spiteful things that could not be undone, and left, ever afterwards, keen regrets. Jacob related one such incident that seemed to move him much. He was very fond of using tools and making all kinds of things. Before he quit crawling one of his amusements was to drive nails into the floor with a hammer. As he grew he learned to make a shoe, a bucket, a basket, a plow, a table and other things. For in those days all these articles were made on the farm. Jacob had prepared the material for a writing desk. The legs were walnut, trimmed and dressed from fence rails. The top and sides were pieces of poplar plank smoothed with the jack plane. They were ready for morticing and putting together. Brother James had a beautiful tin water wheel, an overshot, in exact imitation in miniature of the great overshot wheel that ran the grist mills of the county. James took great pleasure in his wheel, mounting it in the little brook that ran by the house, watching its buckets fill with water and pour it out as it turned gracefully on its axel. One day James and Jacob got into a dispute and in a moment of spleen James struck a chisel into the end of one of the side pieces of the desk. It made a small split but in no way injured the piece. Still Jacob became angry, and in a rage struck the tin wheel that happened to be near, with a heavy stick. Three spokes were knocked out and the wheel almost ruined. Remorse immediately took the place of rage, but it was too late. The wrong could not be righted, nor could it be forgotten.

James did not say much, but "I," said Jacob, "knew how deeply it hurt him. No, I am wrong. I did not know till many years afterwards how much his heart was wrung by my rash act. I do not believe brothers were ever truer to each other than we. Each would have spent himself for the other. James, while younger, was less vigorous than myself, and before he was fifty died of consumption contracted by exposure in the war. For weeks he lingered and suffered. I was at his bedside. Being an elder brother, he seemed to repose a trust in me as though I

were someway exalted in his mind. He gave me a degree of reverence, and my presence soothed him as a mother's hand soothes her child. One evening when the end was not far off, we were alone. It was very still. He was too weak to talk much and lay in a reverie. 'I have been thinking,' he said, breaking the long silence, 'of the old times when we were boys together and it came into my mind how you broke my wheel. I know I must have done something very bad to cause you to do it, or you wouldn't have done it. I thought so much of my wheel.' The voice and tone was all to excuse not to blame me. How do you suppose I felt then? What would I not have given to undo that hasty, spiteful act. I could only say to him that it was an act that I repeated of the moment it was done and had never ceased to regret and that the provocation was as nothing to the act that I had been guilty of. All I could say would however not take away the remorseful memory of an unbrotherly, inexcusable, rash and hateful deed."

In the fall of the year the boys had great ado over gathering nuts for the winter. Walnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts and hazlenuts were abundant and would fall in profusion to the ground, after the October frosts. The "Indian summers" that followed were altogether lovely. The leaves of the trees reflected a thousand colors, and were falling in a constant shower. The mellow sunlight tinged the landscape with a soft glow and the air was balmy and just of a warmth to make one feel like walking to the end of the world. Of course the boys knew where every walnut tree stood. Each was visited in turn, the walnuts hulled and piled to dry. The work always left the fingers died a dark yellow, just as the picking out of chestnuts always left them pierced in a thousand places by the sharp prickles of the burs. On these nutting trips a diversion used to be the watching of the flight of pigeons. These birds migrated south that season of the year and went in flocks of tens of thousands. Some times the line would be a mile long and dense enough to shut out the sky from immediately beneath them. Hundreds

of flocks would pass daily and it was always a mystery whence they came or where they went. They lived mainly on chestnuts during their period of flight and would sometimes settle in such great numbers on trees as to break off branches of considerable size.

The walnut was the favorite among the nuts. They were large, rich and of a delicious flavor. Each tree had a name as the bridge walnut, the long the round, the flat head; named from the shape or some circumstance of location. When well dried in the sun the nuts were hauled home and housed for the winter eating and were a luxury that never surfeited.

CHAPTER XII.

Log Rolling.

"The forest primeval" still covered the larger part of the land. The black oak tall and strong, the post oak short and scrubby with its crooked branches, the huge brash white oak with branching forks large as ordinary trees, the slender graceful chestnut with symmetrical top, bristly with burs, the royal poplar like Saul, standing above overtopping his fellows; all these waved their tops to the sky, and shut out the sun from the earth as they had been doing for centuries past. Under these were the humbler sassafras and sour wood and locust, and dogwood so beautifully white with blossoms in the spring and whose blooming told the backwoods boy when the fishing season opened. Also there was the gum tree the toughest of all the woods, and the persimmon whose ripened fruit tempted the possums and betrayed them into the hands of the colored huntsman as he prowled the woods by moonlight. Yet again the white oak and young hickory strongest of the timbers, the red oak, the bur oak, the chestnut oak, the peel bark hickory, the pine and elm and willow in profusion and confusion bewilder the landscape.

The spruce and pine and the cedar, less stately perhaps but the ornamental favorites caught the eye here, there and yonder.

All these and more were to be cut away by the farmer before he could plant his crops. The clearings were, to the woodlands as a small garden to a great plantation and for the purpose of enlarging his tillable land the farmer spent a good part of the winter opening new ground, splitting rails and building fences. Jacob was the proud recipient of a little ax one winter, so that he could help in the clearing. This he was right glad to do. When the weather was not too cold he would shoulder his ax, and with the rest, repair to the woods feeling of no little importance. A fire would be kindled against a dry stump or an old fallen tree. He would warm his toes and his ax handle and march off to a sapling and proceed to hack away with great energy till it went sprawling to the earth. He would puff and blow over the job but felt amply rewarded when he saw the top begin to sway and to move slowly at first, and then faster and faster till it came to its full length upon the ground with a great swish and whipping about of the twigs and bushes that were in the course of the fall. He would then trim off the branches and cut the tree into convenient lengths for the wagon. His father and Steve would chop down the great oaks and poplars. There is a fascination about the falling of one of these monarchs of the forest. One gazes at it with awe and the heart stands still for the moment the proud tree is yielding to the humiliation. Like the provoked Sampson it would be avenged and all the weaker trees in its course are crushed and broken and buried beneath it. In an agony it creeks, and roars and in helplessness beats the air like a hurricane. Prone at last upon the ground, Jacob would run and climb upon its trunk much like the Liliputians toed it over the sleeping Gulliver, and he imagines with some of the same feeling. Small folks naturally love to see the great brought low so that they can put their feet on them. No other way can they achieve distinction above greatness.

The brush from the trees was piled in heaps and left to dry so that it would burn well. The small timber was hauled to the house for fire wood. The logs that would split easily were made into rails. The poplars were taken to the sawmill. The rest was rolled and piled in heaps and burned. Hence the log rollings of those early days. These were events of social importance and not to invite a neighbor was an unfriendly lack of courtesy. All the men in reasonable reach, black and white, responded to the summons.

The trees that were not felled were "deadened" that is the sap wood on the outside was cut through with the ax. The sap being thus cut off the tree would die. The brush was burned clean and nothing left on the ground except the logs to be piled for burning. A good supply of handspikes were needed and these were obtained from the straight sour wood poles that grew in abundance seemingly for this single purpose, as the wood was nigh useless for anything else. These poles were cut to the right length, peeled, sharpened at one end and left in the sun a few days to dry. Another important preparation for the day was dinner. The pumpkin pie did service on all important gastronomic occasions. Fried shoulder and hominy, turnips and pork, bean soup and "noodles," cabbage and bacon, kroust and hog jaw with the usual breads, fruits, butter, syrup and preserves, all of which dishes, Jacob's mother knew how to prepare in their most appetizing form. These preliminaries being attended to, the day was set and the invitations sent out.

Jacob was a shy boy and could never feel quite at his ease in the presence of people not of his own family. He was frequently sent on errands to neighbors houses. The going and the coming on these trips were delightful, but the meeting and the talk necessary to execute the errand filled him with trepidation. His steps would slow up, as he neared the neighbor's house. He would stop to look towards the door. He would tiptoe to the front steps and raise his hand to knock, but instead would back off to the yard gate. By this time some one would

discover him and ask him in. Being in he would stand against the wall without a word, twisting his hands now in front and now behind him; presently reaching down and pulling up one of his bare feet or locking his fingers under a bent knee. Thus he would linger till asked what was wanted when he would tell his errand and be off unspeakably glad that the ordeal was over. It fell to Jacob's lot to take the word of invitation for the log rolling. The performance was not so dramatic as was the bearing of the fry cross of Roderick Dhu, but it was not without its incident. The first stop was at Mr. Lytles. Mrs. Lytle had sleeves up to elbow and her hands were a deep blue as she stood over a pot of indigo dye, dipping the yarns which were to be knitted and woven into clothing for her family. The line hung thick with the deep blue hanks. She spoke a reassuring word for the timed boy as he came up.

"Good morning Jacob, you are out early. How are your folks?"

"All well, thank you." A long silence. Jacob shifts from place to place. Mrs. Lytle dips her yarn, stirs it and turns it in the pot, walks to the line and busies with her thread a few minutes and comes back.

"What are your folks doing?" she asks.

This gives Jacob a chance and he comes to the point.

"We have been fixing for a log rolling and want your men folks to come and help, next Thursday."

"All right, I'll tell them" replies the good woman and Jacob is off for the next house. The sun is shining out bright and warm and as he nears neighbor Harring he notices a fleecy column of smoke near his house curling upward on the lazy air. Mr. Harring is breaking flax. The rotted bundles are spread on poles above a slow fire used for drying, making the woody part more brittle. The break was made of thick boards shaved to a sharp cutting edge, three of them side by side below and two above, hinged at one end so that the upper pair would cut into the lower like crimping irons. The bundle of flax was

laid on this lower bed and the upper was raised and forced down upon the flax till the hard stem was broken up and the bark or lint freed from the woody part. It was then taken in hand and "swingled," that is beaten over the end of a board driven upright in the ground, by a two edged wooden sword. This process freed it from any remaining woody fiber and removed the coarser parts of the lint. Next came the hackling which was done by Mrs. Harring. The hackle was a kind of comb made of very slender and sharp iron spikes and fastened to a bench. The hand of flax was drawn through this till all the coarse part, called the tow, was combed out and nothing but the straight, fine portion remained. This was spun into thread and woven into cloth for the various needs of the household. Jacob was familiar with it all, from the seed sowing, the pulling, the bleaching, to the final weaving and making into garments. Many a night has he read his books by fire light, while the low hum of his mothers spinning wheel crept into his soul as the interlude of a pleasant dream. Mr. Harring was just reaching a hand of flax to his wife as Jacob came up.

"Good morning Jacob," reaching out his hand, "glad to see you. How's your folks?"

Jacob replied and after the usual delays and embarrassment, made known his errand and went on his way. To tell the truth he deplored his own shyness and felt keenly the awkwardness of it and resolved to overcome it, but never succeeded. He noticed now that all the people he met, the very first thing said "good morning, how's your folks;" so he concluded that perhaps if he would repeat that formula when he met the next man it would start the conversation and he could go through the interview without getting up a commotion among his hands and feet. The more he thought of the plan the better he was pleased with it and by the time he arrived at the next in course, he was worked up to a considerable pitch of self approval of his own smartness. Mr. Hatch happened to be in the stable bridling a horse. Jacob stepped to the door determined to take the initiative for once. "Good morning Mr.

Hatch," he cried, as much excited as if he had been telling that his father was dying and wanted Mr. Hatch to come quickly, "good morning, how's your folks."

"Hey!" exclaimed Mr. Hatch.

"I said good morning and how's your folks" replied Jacob, more put out and humiliated than in all of his past experiences put together. His haste and warmth made his own speech indistinct and aroused the apprehension of Mr. Hatch, so that his "hey!" meant "tell me the worst and be quick about it." When he understood Jacob's very commonplace remark he grunted out something like "huh, is that all" and then said "my folks are well, how's yours?"

Jacob managed without much delay to make known his errand, and hurried away, too abashed to say good bye. To one after another the word was carried till all had notice. The tramp was a good long one and Jacob returned home at sundown tired out and dissatisfied with himself. His mother was at the door to meet him and with a kiss led him to the kitchen where some of his favorite dishes were steaming from the oven, ready and waiting to appease his ravenous appetite. They talked of the incidents of the day but Jacob did not tell about his adventure with Mr. Hatch.

And now the day had arrived. About two dozen strong, well muscled men are on the ground. Each one chooses a hand spike from the pile. A council is held and a leader chosen. It required no little engineering talent to lay out the work to the best advantage and make each move with the least expenditure of strength and muscle. The numerous stumps were to be considered, the lay of the land, the up hill and down hill heave, the position of the logs and the capabilities of the men.

A good leader hastened the work and saved many a heavy lift. He looks over the ground and chooses the spot for the first heap. "Here boys," he calls, "we'll begin by piling against this big log." A dozen handspikes are jabbed under another log not quite so large, and it is slowly rolled against the first one. Then another follows, making three logs

lying against each other. Skids are lain, one end on the outside log and the other on the ground. Two more logs are rolled upon the three, and another is put on the two to top off the heap, forming a pyramid of logs. Some of the logs lie so that the only way to move them is by carrying. Handspikes are pushed under and a man put to each end. A straight lift raises it from the ground and the men keeping step, slowly walk off with it to its place on the heap. These lifts test the strength of the strongest men. The younger men delighted to outlift one another, but the older ones who had had more experience, shirked as far as possible, willing to let whomever would, bear most of the burden. There was no distinction between black and white. All worked in perfect accord, the jest and the badinage passing indiscriminately, the most perfect good will in every heart. Now there was a song, now a joke on one of the men followed by a tremendous ha! ha! The men get grimy with the coal dust rubbed from the charred logs and chunks, and when the day is done it is hard to distinguish between black and white men. In the field, at the work-shop or wherever they labored together, the races were on an exact equality. They invariably dined at separate boards. The meanest white man felt insulted to set him down with a negro. Thus peculiar were the lines of distinction drawn, the very closest association in some respects and the strictest separation in others.

After the log rolling came the burning. This would continue for several days before all the heaps were reduced to ashes. The fires would be carried from pile to pile till all had been set, and thereafter the labor would be to keep the heaps chunked up so as to hasten the burning as much as possible. It was great sport to be out among the fires at night. In the day time, not much was visible but the smoke but when the darkness came on, a hundred bright flames glowed and danced and sent up a million sparks to be lost in the air. The weird shadows came and went as the lights flared or faded. The firemen moved from pile to pile, grim with soot and smoke, outlined through the half darkness as veri-

tableimps of the fire fiend feeding the conflagration. As they would heave the great burning logs closer together broad columns of sparks would shoot up to a great hight and then melt away in the gloom. Yonder, the flame has crept into a bed of dry leaves and slowly eaten its way to the base of a tall poplar that had been left standing. A stroke of lightning had shivered and splintered a side of it from top to bottom. The tree had been dead some years and was very dry and the splinters up the shattered side were inflammable as tender. The blaze from the leaves taking hold of the clinging splinters, shoots up wards like an arrow, and in a moment a column of flame a hundred feet high had enveloped the unlucky poplar. Burning fagots showered down and scattering sparks flew still above the tall trunk. The crackling and roaring as the flames eat into the wood and explod the pent up air cells, could be heard far across the field and the brightness of day radiated for the full eight of a mile. It was something to look at with awe and admiration. The burning is so fierce that the tree soon falls and is consumed, even down into the very roots.

Those fires went out more than half a century ago hut they seem to be burning yet.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some Important Changes in Jacob's Life

When Jacob was about fifteen years old his environments began to change. A railroad was built through the country, and a station established near by with a post office, a store, a blacksmith shop, and several families moved in and quite a village sprang up. The coming of the railroad was an event of importance. Local orators told of the wonderful help it would be to the farmers and how much would be added to the price of wheat, corn and pork by the opening of better markets. Through the abundance of persuasion, the farmers were induced to subscribe

considerable stock which never paid a dividend. The line was surveyed and located by the engineers and much of the grading was done by the farmers. Jacob's father graded about two miles, Jacob himself aiding to the extent of driving two carts. While the track laying was yet a great way off the boys would talk together and give their ideas as to what a locomotive and train looked like and how fast it would go and whether any of them would dare venture a ride. One said: "Do you suppose the track is as level as the parlor floor?" thinking it was a flat smooth surface the wheels turned on. Another wondered "if a boy could have time to get off the track after the engine had approached within a mile of him." As the track laying drew nearer the excitement increased, and many a man and boy walked twenty miles to see for themselves. Jacob waited till the distance was but ten miles and could restrain his curiosity no longer. A dozen neighbors, men and boys made up the company. Part of the journey was in wagons, the rest afoot. Having come within a mile of the track layers, the whistle of the locomotive was heard for the first time. The sound thrilled the hearers and increased their haste. At a half run they press on till—could they believe their eyes?—not half a mile off stood the engine, smoke curling up from its smoke stack and steam hissing from the boiler. Is it not a sight worth going ten miles to see? Jacob gazed and gazed, and moved round from side to side (always at a safe distance) and looked and admired and gazed and looked and admired again. The engineer to have some fun, gave a quick pull of the whistle, and Jacob dropped as if short. His ears tingled and he was shure something had bursted. But he recovered himself when he found no one was hurt and at last, seeing others dare, he too, ventured on to a flat car, and took his first ride on the railroad. There was a rapture in that ride, that lingers still in his memory. The novelty of it, the wind sweeping by, the trees whirling past, the farm houses left to the rear, the thrill of rapid movement—O it was a delirious joy that comes only to the simple country boy

in his first experience of a new world which has just opened to him.

The railroad brought great changes. Jacob learned some new things. For instance that it was not good form to eat with his knife. He found that the polite word was teacher, not school master, and that church had superseded meeting house. It was also impressed on him that Mary and Susan and Bet were and ought to be Miss Mollie, Miss Sue and Miss Bettie. The girls all became young ladies, the preacher became a pastor, houses no longer had a loft, but an up stairs. Pap and muddy was translated to father and mother.

A boy at fifteen thinks it does not comport with his manhood to call his mother by the sweet word his baby lips first learned to frame. He quits using it and mother makes a note of the fact with a grieved heart; for she sees in the change her boy is beginning to grow away from her and that she is no longer his all. Ah mother it is an unhappy hour for you but it is a worse hour for that boy of yours. As he draws away from you he recedes from what is tender and gentle and pure and true and loving and unselfish. The time will come back when that sweetly remembered name of childhood will linger again lovingly on his tongue and if he shrinks at sounding it before the public the reason is that it is too sacred to be shared with the world. It is set apart for the holy of holies of his heart where the common throng may not enter. As it was the first word lisped by his faltering lips, so, when life's fitful fever is ending, and the weary journey is over and he is so tired, and the dear arms are beckoning from the skies, what better words could close the scene than "Muddy, rock me to sleep?"

A little more contact with the world awakened a desire for more learning than could be found inside of the log school house. The brick academy, five miles away, was opened and became the popular school of all that country. Boys and girls were there, as many as one hundred and fifty at a time. The teacher was a college man of good gifts and latest methods. He inspired his pupils with a zeal

to study hard and an ambition to get knowledge, and while work was the accepted order of things, there was a delightful spirit of fellowship pervading the school that made one glad to be there. Friendships were formed not to end again, though separations, not to meet in this world, followed. There was Ceph, the good hearted but idle, and Henry the unsentimental and plodding, but true as steel; Joe the Chevalier Bayard of the class, gentle as a woman, manly, morally courageous a model student, in a word the true gentleman. Ike and Bruce and Jerome and Eb and John and James all faithful sons who now fill honored positions, the leaders of the generation succeeding their worthy fathers. One sleeps on the field of Franklin and Preston the most gifted of all and the son of their old age, an only child, was taken from his doting parents in the middle of the term. Many others now sleep with their fathers, and of such as remain some are nearing the Psalmists limit of three score years, and all are past the period of middle age (except of course the girls) of whom there was gentle Sue and modest Nora and vivacious Lizzie with whom all the boys were in love. But it would take pages to name all and the record would be tiresome.

The period covered by the two terms Jacob spent at this academy was that exciting one, beginning with the John Brown invasion at Harper's Ferry and ending with the surrender of Fort Sumter in 1861. The Harper's Ferry raid set in motion a new current of feeling against the north that expanded and intensified as the days went by. The boys discussed the question in their debating societies, the girls spoke of it in their compositions, while the teacher found appropriate allusions, in the daily recitations, that could be worked in to strengthen the southern view of the situation.

Time wore on and the Virginia raid was less and less talked about. In fact the school at last put it aside as an event without significance, a sudden irresponsible explosion; and not as it really was, a link in destiny, a forerunner of the most awful tragedy of modern times.

The pupils quieted down to their studies and to the little emulations and strifes common to all schools.

The close of the first term draws nigh. The boys are preparing their orations, and the girls their compositions. These are all the talk. The woods around is vocal with declamation. Every stump is a rostrum. The really important examination is made little of, while the showy exhibition absorbs the thought and takes up most of the study of the pupils. Books and lessons are secondary. However these last weeks of school are not wasted. They are really the application of the sermon, the putting to use of the knowledge gained. If good study has filled the term the last weeks may allow some diversions of the mind; while if the student has been idle for the session he may not now make up the loss by the utmost diligence. Besides, the bright May mornings are conducive to dreaming rather than study, and the excitement of getting ready for the last day, the thought of the big crowd, and the school boy conceit of how he is going to acquit himself on the stage and kindred things, keep him too agitated to do much solid work with his books.

There is no little anxiety as to the honor list which is to be made out by the teacher. Each boy would like to grade himself very close to the top and of course there is a violent clash in some cases, between the teacher and his pupils. All could not have first honors. Jacob was as conceited as the rest, and when he was placed in second instead of first grade, he felt greatly aggrieved. The other second graders were or pretended to be put out too, and talked, (when out of the teacher's hearing) of the injustice and outrage that had been done them. A kind of indignation meeting was held and there was an agreement, as Jacob thought, to have all second grade names taken from the program. He was first on the list and the plan was for him to lead the way by announcing that he had determined not to take part. He had been talked up to a good state of rebellion when the hour for the final plans were made. The teacher said he would call the names in order and see if each one was ready.

"Jacob Klodsloe" was the first call.

"I am not going to speak" was the response, of course imagining it would paralyze the teacher.

Coolly looking up he replied, "I will see you after school" and went on calling the names. The unconcern of the teacher exasperated Jacob and he hotly cried "you see me now."

This was passed unnoticed by the teacher and Jacob, while he felt that he had made a fool of himself, saw with disgust, that every one of the boys who had egged him on, now deserted him and meekly fell into place, as though everything was going off to their perfect satisfaction. He put as bold a face on the matter as he could and braved it to an opening interview with the teacher, out of which he came subdued and shamefaced, having nothing of support against his kind but firm common sense; and Jacob was not reinforced in his own opinion of himself, when a first grade boy came round and patted him on the back and said. "Bully for you, I glory in your spunk," and when one of his co-conspirators who had ignominiously deserted him at the pinch, said "I think you did up Old Whackem to a T," he felt like mauling a lot of boys and then shrinking away into a knot hole.

Examination week came and passed and exhibition day arrived. The stage was built under some tall oaks and the ground was shaded by the thickly overhanging branches. Benches for the public were provided, and the people from far and near gathered to listen to the young orators and hear the girls read their pieces, and to have a pleasant day of it. Possibly no attraction of the period drew so many people together as the closing exercises of a popular school. Men and women clad in their best, came in wagons, on horseback, in carriages. The parents of the girls and boys, proud that their young hopefuls were to appear in public, and confident that they were incipient Ciceros were there, beaming with smiles and full of praise words for nameless pupils which the hearers had no difficulty in indentifying. Young maidens came horseback with their manly escorts. Friends and relations of students thought

it a duty to lend their presence, and people with interest and those without interest, turned out, if for no other reason, because the rest of the people were going. Every student thought himself the chief center of importance and he was, to his own special group of admirers who fed his vanity by extravagant hints of excellence. But conceit is not a bad trait of schoolboydom. It helps him to surmount embarrassment and difficulties and keeps the future roseate before him. The world knocks it all out of him in due time. While it lasts, it makes him ridiculous, but what of it. He does not know it and is happy. The boys called it the "big head," and each one thought every other fellow but himself, had it.

In turn, boy after boy (with a girl now and then between) appeared on the stage, said his piece and retired. The usual beginning was: "Ladies and gentlemen: In appearing before this distinguished and intelligent audience, I feel my incompetence to say anything that will be of interest to your cultured minds. I know this large and gracious audience has assembled here, not to be entertained by our crude orations, but to give countenance to the cause of learning and to inspire us in our feeble struggles for knowledge. If my poor effort to day shall have escaped your discriminating condemnation and my short comings shall be passed by you with indulgence, then my most sanguine expectations will have been realized, and this day will ever be a green spot in my memory."

The true meaning of this preliminary paragraph was:

"Ladies and gentlemen: In appearing before this promiscuous crowd of people from all over the country, I feel that I am the star of the occasion. I have acquired great learning and have put some of it into an oration that will be of thrilling interest to all who hear me. I am confident that you all came here today to listen to my speech and that it will have your applause from beginning to end. You will not only be entertained but will also be enlightened by my profound and eloquent sentences. And should such a thing be possible as your adverse criticism,

or even faint praise, I would be much displeased, and at heart think you all a set of blockheads."

Jacob concluded that he would not jeopardise the success of the day by refusing finally to take part, and his appearance on the stage was the signal for the people in front of him to quit talking for a moment and look at him. His knees all at once became very weak and almost refused to sustain him, but he managed to start off passably well and became more at ease as he went on. There wasn't much but sound in it all.—Big words put together in grammatical order, and with rhetorical flourish, sentences constructed so that some favorite lines of poetry might be lugged in—simply a school boys composition, good as the average—really a production of merit, in that it represented a great deal of honest mental work. At the end of the day he was told by some that he had done about as well as any of the boys and it pleased him greatly to hear them say so, though he pretended to be indifferent about it.

Dinner was brought in baskets and being spread out on the grass under the trees, all the people stood around in groups, and helped themselves to what they wanted. The good mothers who had boys at school, were lavish in distributing their own viands as a mark of good will to the people who had, by their coming, honored their sons. The fathers hunted up strangers and brought them to the grassy tables that they might appease their hunger. The school boys, complaisant in the thought that it was all for them, strutted about the grounds, received compliments with assumed nonchalance, escorted their sweethearts here and there and mixed up an air of very great satisfaction with a becoming seriousness fitted to the last day of school and the good byes and the partings that were about to take place. Who knew if they were to meet again?

September 1860 found a great many of the old students back again. They resumed their studies with the zest of rested minds, but the cloud over the country was darkening and the mutterings of the coming storm could not do otherwise than distract

the thoughts from books and divide the attention of the pupils. The contest for President had never been so bitter. While all detested Lincoln the school went into factions over Bell, Brackenridge and Douglass, each of which was ready to think the other only a Lincoln aid society. The canvass was unsurpassed in its completeness. Every school house had its public speakings. The orators harangued from the steps of the cross roads store and men of national fame and superb eloquence visited the villages and towns and made impassioned appeals to the voters, inspired by the fear of a danger they were unable to fathom. Every home was a little hot house of political propaganda and the school was a very furnace of seething, boiling patriotism and partisanship. Under such conditions the boys were sure not to make the best of their studies. School discipline was maintained with difficulty. There was more desire to get away to the political speakings, than to attend the society debates. When a great Bell and Everett meeting was advertised to be addressed by a very famous speaker, there was a general desire to attend. A spokesman was sent to ask permission of the teacher, and he acquitted himself somewhat ingloriously, but successfully, by saying "us boys want to go to the speaking, Thursday" "Us boys?" repeated the teacher. With some confusion it was changed to "we boys" and the permission asked for was granted. After the election the factional division of the school ceased. Though differing on the other three candidates they were a unit against Lincoln and his policy, and the local differences were swallowed up in the greater sectional division of north against south. There were a few in the school that adhered still to the side of union and at last joined the northern army, but they got no hearing and lost standing with their more fiery fellows. Momentous events followed one another in quick succession. Congress convened and some of the most animated debates in its history occurred. Lincoln was declared the President elect. Amid sensational reports of lying in wait and assassination, he went to Washington and was inaugurated.

State after state was seceding. The Star of the West was fired on. Sumpter was taken. The study of text books was too tame a thing for such stirring times. Lessons continued to be recited, but the thoughts were of war. Patriotic songs were sung. Dixie began to electrify the southern heart, the boys singing it daily. The speeches of Davis, Yancy Toombs, and others were read and declaimed. Mimic musters and company drills took place on the play grounds where erst had been "base" and ball. In fact the school was a lot of short sighted hot heads burning for war. It was with difficulty the boys restrained their ardor till the end of the session. The closing orations fairly wreaked with gore. Nothing but fighting would do and each boy tried to outdo the others in offering himself a sacrifice on the altar of his country. The honor youth outdid all the rest in the sweet to die for ones country act. He didn't die however, but did act the part of a brave captain to the end of the war, sharing hardships with his company and shirking no danger.

The benediction was hardly said over the closing school till the announcement was made that a military company would be organized under the command of Capt F., the most prominent man of the community and one of the trustees of the school. A stirring speech was made. The drum beat and thrilled the crowd and the keen fife sent out its piercing notes. Flags waved and gay and pretty girls smiled approval and helped to increase the enthusiasm. Two thirds of the boys put their names to the roll and enlisted for a contest, the seriousness of which they had but a very faint conception. The company was completed some days after, and organized by electing most of the officers from among the school boys. Bravely they went from the school room to the tented field.

Jacob was a member of this company which in bright uniforms and to martial music, stepped lightly away from home and breaking hearts to tempt the uncertain fate of the soldier. The June morning, aglow with sunshine and fragrant with the breath of roses was not more joyous than their spirits, nor

promised a richer autumnal harvest than those boys expected to reap on the field of Mars.

They made good soldiers, but their bravery availed not. They did their best but it was not enough. They were soldiers of a lost cause. The world that looks through the spectacles of success may grudge them place on honor's roll, still it is theirs by right of true nobleness of heart, and supreme effort of endeavor. They fought a good fight and kept the faith to the end and they will be forever crowned in the hearts of their descendants.

"Brave comrades, one of your number, grizzled and old, going with increasing slowness of step down life's declivity, pauses to do you honor. May your children and children's children be true sons and daughters and in years to come this south land will be the glory of the world."

CHAPTER XIV.

How Jacob Expanded Patriotically

"There is a land of every land the pride
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside."

Jacob was a fierce little patriot from earliest recollection. His patriotism began at home. For that it was a glowing fire. As his knowledge of the world widened his love for native land extended abroad but ever at a diminishing ratio as the intensity of heat decreases as the square of the distance. It was first the home spot; then his precinct, county, state, the southern states, the whole United States. It was not that he loved the last less, but the others more. Abstract patriotism is of little account. Love of country to be of any worth must spring out of one's footprints in the soil, breathe through the local atmosphere, and be nourished on home made food. Jacob loved the home spot first because mother was there, and father and brothers and sisters. Because the birds he first knew sang

around it. Because the maples and flowers, and the little brook, and the walnut trees, and the wooded pasture, and a little grave, and a locus grove, and a branching elm in the meadow, were there.

He loved his precinct because of the log school house and the boys and girls he knew there and played with. Wasn't its great Master Knob the highest of its kind and its black smith the best of all, and didn't the grist mill have the biggest over-shot wheel and make the best flour?

The county was his first world. What a far off journey to the county seat! Will he ever forget that visit with Steve, taking a load of turnips, potatoes and apples to market? A rapture and pride almost took his breath when the glint of the tin covered church steeples first fell upon his eyes. And the houses! There was a hundred of them at least nestled together in the little valley. He drank in the wonderful vision greedily, but with care lest the least bit should escape him.

Directly the wagon was rolling over the one paved street and people were going and coming all the time. Jacob got out of the wagon and actually stepped on the brick sidewalk, and ventured a few paces ahead. As no one ordered him off, he grew bolder and walked to the end of the street and back on the other side, to the great brick court house. He stopped and gazed at the lofty tower, the huge plastered columns that supported the gallery, the broad windows, and the lightning rods that ran up the walls to the highest gables. And all this, in a sense, was his, his county town. Where was another like it? He remembers yet the way it went to his heart when the study of geography revealed to him how very small, this town he so prided in, really was.

Gradually Jacob's pride of country extended to the state lines. Its mountain scenery was the grandest on earth, though with reluctance it was allowed, all the higher peaks were in other states. His state had more and clearer springs, and its rivers, if not the biggest, had other excelling qualities. It furnished more presidents than most of the states and its

men of parts stood first on fames roll of honor.

The reading of history expanded Jacob's patriotism, tho' the sectional glint shot through it, giving the southern portion a more fiery red. He claimed a share in Bunker Hill, but would some rather it had been located on the James. He followed the Revolutionary armies in their victories with the blood fairly rushing through his veins, and he sunk with grief when they were defeated, but the thrill was heightened and the sympathetic grief deepened because the great leader, Washington, was from Virginia. For a like cause Yorktown surpassed Saratoga and King's Mountain was more than Lexington. In the later wars the climax of glory, it seemed to him was the triumph at New Orleans, a southern field, fought by southern men under a southern commander. Also in the grand march to Mexico city the lion's share of honors fell to the south, which made Jacob gloat the more in reading over the success of that campaign. Even in a horse race on a national track, he always took sides with the southern horse and was cast down in spirits if it was beaten. He remembers how excited he was over the great four mile race between Dixylan and Yankedo, how eagerly he awaited the news and how he was disappointed at the result all because Dixylan was a southern horse. He was not persuaded by any one to this lopsided patriotism. It was in him with his first ideas and grew, like a plant, after its kind be the culture and the fertilizer what it may. Indeed all the books he read, all the magazines and most of the newspapers were written and printed by northern people, and from these he ought to have absorbed something of their thought and sentiment, but being all a northern product in fact strengthened his sectionalism because it made apparent the lack of southern literature; and because the reading all abounded in faultfinding of things southern.

Well meaning people, by harsh methods, sometimes drive others deeper into a wrong they would in time correct of themselves, if let alone, or admonished gently. The mildest mannered man . I

ever knew, at last, secured the money and went to town to pay a debt several months due. The creditor accosted him abruptly on the street, and swore he would wait no longer for his pay, and that he was now going to beat him into compliance. A fight followed and the law costs far exceeded the debt. The moral of this is that both sides in a dispute may be in the wrong.

Jacob's fabric of patriotism was of his own weaving, the tints being collected from about him, from what he saw and read and heard and felt. The colors may have been mixed and applied unevenly but the finished cloth was all his own, honest goods, warranted not to fade. As matter of course he took sides with the south in the in the civil war. Really, he grew into that contest as necessarily as a sprout, planted and cultivated in congenial soil, grows into a fruit bearing tree.

CHAPTER XV.

Jacob indulges a Few Reflections that May or May not be Appropriate.

In the opening chapter of this narrative it is said the confederate soldier came home fully determined to accept the situation in all good faith, and to give the rest of his life to rebuilding the waste places and in helping to add to the greatness of the government he had never desired to destroy. He loved all its institutions with a passionate fondness and in the endeavor to withdraw from the greater union, adopted its every feature, for his own system. He believed the plan of government the best on earth, and in going back to it he only returned to his first love. The cause of the dispute between the sections, being removed, there was no vital reason for permanent estrangement and factions opposition to the government. This is the view the confederate took at the outset, and he never swerved from it. Had his conquerors given him credit for this honesty of purpose, what sickening horrors of reconstruc-

tion might have been spared? Northern distrust and its persistent endeavor to humiliate his manhood, chafed him many times to outbursts of exasperation against the people of that section, but not against the government. It was the government their fathers had largely made, and which they themselves had helped on in full measure to greater glory. It took the third of a century and a foreign war to convince the victors of the loyalty of the vanquished and even then the concession was made grudgingly. The confederate, strong in the strength of his own truth, soon came to commiserate, rather than resent, the deformity of temperament that persisted in misjudging him, and in time rather enjoyed being reviled as that is a distinction never conferred where there is no merit to excite envy. He thought he was right when he went into the war. He did his best to whip the fight. He gave up once for all when he could fight no longer. He has tried to be an industrious citizen since that day.

He has helped to pay out of his little means pensions to the men who fought him, asking only the privilege of contributing another share of his poverty as a free will offering to the maimed and most destitute of his own comrades. He has paid his part to lay out and beautify the burying places of the blue, content if he may freely drop a tear and lay a few flowers above the sod that covers the nameless wearers of the grey.

He is rather proud not to be in the mad scramble for pensions; still he believes with all his heart that all he has done from 1861 to 1898 is altogether right. Who knows the end from the beginning? Perhaps when the actors of the sixties are all

Under the sod and the dew

Waiting the judgment day,

men may reexamine grounds of belief and reverse verdicts. What if the grand children of Sumner and Phillips and Lowell should put the blame on their grand fathers as the grand children of Cotton Mather and his partitioners reverse the verdict of the witch burners of Salem. The confederate soldier

with all confidence will submit his cause to a Puritan jury of the next generation.

The great civil war was a national crime; guilt was as much on one side as the other. One side was constant in provocation, the other ready in resenting. It was the wrath of man on both sides that God overruled to his praise. History will give more glory to the confederate in defeat than to the union veteran clamoring for more pensions. Indeed the grand children of these veterans will feel humiliated that their progenitors brought patriotism to the level of a purchasable article and put dollars as the highest reward for serving one's country, while their eagerness to appropriate all the available revenue of the whole country made it seem to them necessary to reiterate, line upon line and precept upon precept, the enormous guilt of the south and their own freedom from blame. All righteousness on one side; all sin on the other. The clear light of truth will reveal to those children that the wrong of that unhappy period preceding the civil war was equally divided between the sections, with each more grievous aggression from the stronger side. They may feel that the preservation of the union, by war, was right, even though the victors had first broken off comity and annulled treaty rights. The south itself is disposed to look at it that way. But by claiming exclusive righteousness they will, in the eyes of their own descendants, fall as far short of true greatness in peace as they had attained to distinction in war. The Cromwellean epoch is now regarded one of the pages of English history on which all Englishmen look with pride, forgiving errors and sharing glories and beneficences.

In the light of all the facts our civil broil is the big brother provoking the little one to hit him and then giving him a thrashing in return. No sane father makes the big brother a preferred legatee on this account. His success in the fight is no test of the merit of his cause, and when the heat is off he does not claim an extra share of the inheritance. Suppose he gets possession and does oust the younger? Is he thereby doing a commendable thing? The

younger may be too proud to ask part of the estate which is equally his own, but the older is never released from his obligation to share alike. The great grand children of Lincoln and Grant and Garrison will put the few surviving confederate veterans on the pension list. The war will be over. Its glories will be a common inheritance. The mutual aggressions and recriminations that brought on the conflict will be remembered with regret as faults inseparable from humanity.

It is not supposable that such a thing can be done while a very large proportion of the actors in the civil drama yet survive. The confederates will never ask it. For the other side to do it would be to acknowledge their share of the blame for the war. To acknowledge a fault after having protested innocence of it so long, is one of the impossible achievements of weak human nature. The next generation will not be so scrupulous about it.

The New England or Puritan character is more intence than broad, but always broad as its view of the right. The Puritan braved persecution for his faith and even expatriated himself that he might have freedom to worship in his own way; and then tried to make all others accept his way, and finally ended in tolerating more isms than all the rest of the world. He would burn a witch with holy rigor and with equal zeal nurse an outcast cur to a healthy appetite and a sleek skin; and all is done equally "to the Glory of God." Chafing under inaction, though called staid and orderly New England it is the most iconoclastic and uprooting agency in America. There is nothing orderly in its thought tendency but disorder. Starting out with an idea it looks at it from but one standpoint till its purpose is wrought out in practical application, then at leisure it studies the situation from a wider view, and, on account of the basic honesty of character, is as apt to condemn as to approve what has been done.

Massachusetts was the first colony to deliberately import slaves, the first to fix their rights as if they were mere cattle, the first to pass a fugitive slave law requiring their return to owner as like a stray

horse or ox. On the other hand that state was first to enact emancipation laws when slaves proved unprofitable, the first to nullify the federal fugitive slave law, the first to denounce slavery as a crime. The old Bay state was first of the colonies to take up the slave trade and voted with south Carolina to prolong that abominable traffic. But in it all there was a process of evolution towards the better. Massachusetts of to-day condemned Massachusetts of yesterday; yet honored the fathers for substantial progress, honesty of purpose and achievements greater than their errors. The son's vision was wider than the father's and he could condemn the conduct and honor the man.

The south can safely rest its case with a people though stern, yet so surely just in the end.

The germ of anti slavery found its first congenial soil in the precedent despising Puritan heart, and once planted, emancipation became the controlling purpose of New England life. Whatever hastened that end was of the Lord, whatever hindered was of the devil. The crusade came to be more of bad blood towards the slave owner than good will to the slave. The abolitionist, in his zeal, saw only the negro's side. The master had no standing in court. If reckoned with at all it could be only as a thief and a robber. What if New England had sold slaves to the south and had sent ships with slave cargos from Africa to be trafficked out among the Georgia planters? what if the Puritan fathers had voted for a constitution guaranteeing protection to property in slaves? If a Winthrop sold slaves to Oglethorp that was his affair and if Cotton Mather's parishioners traded for negroes spirited away from Whitfield's Savannah orphan's home let the parsons have it out with their own shades. As for the constitution, it was a league with hell in so far as it acknowledged slavery.

The southern people would have been more than human, not to have resented attacks of this kind. They claimed a right under law for the institution of slavery and that their assailants were parties to the conferring of the right. The institution had interwoven itself into the political fabric and become

a part of the social system of the people.

It was indeed, as it were, a shirt of Nessus, impossible to take off and yet fateful to be worn. To go violently for its removal, not considering the effect on the social order, nor the claims of right sanctioned at least by the letter of the law, seemed to the southern people a most flagrant infringement of obligations which one section of a common country owed to another. Herein is found the gist of the controversy that culminated so tragically in '61. The north stirred to bitterness, looked upon the slave owner as an outlaw from whose red handed grasp the negro should be rescued by trampling the marauder under foot. The south provoked to desperation, tightened the grasp on the slave and clung the fiercer to slavery because of the manner of the opposition. Even a forbearing people could not be quiet before the aggression that takes all and gives none. Slavery was ordained by a common constitution, by a national law enacted by votes of the abolition states, and as guilty participants, they were bound in all justice to concede a right on the side of the white slave owner. Not doing this, every chance of settling the slavery question by peaceful methods was put aside. The north chose to drive the south into war. It persistently violated the compact of union under pretense of higher law, that resistance might be aroused and an excuse obtained for forcible emancipation. This is history. The war cry was to save the union, but the purpose was to free the slave, as there was little heart in the fight till the emancipation proclamation had been issued. Had there been no slaves there would have been no war. There was no grievous conflict in ideas of government. The contest centered about and grew out of slavery. Every section of the country cherished a staunch love for the union. All the people were proud of its history and its achievements. It is true that New England at one time meditated secession and was the first section to claim the right; it is true South Carolina essayed a nullification act; but both cases were mere protests against impending policies that having spent their force, were forgotten.

The estrangement over slavery had its beginning before the institution was created anew by the constitution. Jefferson opposed recognizing it and said the result would be dangerous to the union. He was ignored as a false prophet. In order to have South Carolina and Georgia come into the union, Massachusetts and the northern states solemnly enacted that negroes should be property, and that all the states would return runaway negroes to their owners. No sooner was the contract signed and ratified by the states than the crusade of abolition began. It spread and intensified. Individual states followed a precedent set by South Carolina, and enacted nullification laws. Legislatures all over the north said runaway slaves should not be returned, while federal courts that attempted to enforce the federal compact were anathematized and defied. "Underground railroads" were conducted for the purpose of spiriting away slaves. Incendiaries were sent south to stir up the slaves to house burning, insurrection and slaughter.

The institution of slavery cannot be defended on moral or political grounds, nor indeed upon the plea of mere selfishness, for it injured the white master far more than the black slave. But slavery existed and the whole country was alike responsible for its existence. The slave owner had a perfect and indefeasible right of property in the slave as against the northern emancipator. But this was ignored. In its furious zeal, the north was the first to rebel against the constitution and laws of the United States, the first to effectually nullify the federal laws. But in this case the rebels were the stronger faction so the government let them have their own way. Then in self defense the south attempted the same thing, and was whipped into submission. The only difference was one of might. God in his providence allowed the passions of men to work out the freedom of the negro, but the northern section for its part, might well be likened to the bandit who first sold his victim a herd of cattle, and presently, collecting a band of followers went in haste to wrest them out of the purchaser's hands.

No historical fact is better established than that New England, more than any other section of the country, is entitled to the honor of setting up slavery as a permanent institution. A cargo of slaves was by accident, first sold in Virginia, but Massachusetts was first to deliberately import slaves under legal sanction. That state passed the first law making property of slaves, and legalizing the slave trade. It enacted the first fugitive slave law to secure a return of runaway slaves to their owners, and it imported more slaves from Africa than all the rest of the colonies or states put together. New England voted in the federal convention of 1787, for the prolongation of the slave trade for twenty years. For no other reason than that it was unprofitable, the northern states abolished slavery, and sold most of their negroes to the south. Then for twenty years openly, and for half a century more covertly, this slave sympathizing section stole negroes from Africa and sold them to southern planters. Enriched with this blood money, so soon as no more slaves could be imported and sold, the struggle was set agoing to make them free. This plain, blunt statement of facts ought to restrain the assumption of superior virtue so assuringly put on by our northern friends. We all admit most unreservedly, that slavery was wrong. It would have been a calamity to the south, had it succeeded in establishing a government whose corner stone was slavery. A crime is sometimes avenged by the commission of a greater crime. The north was right in saying slavery was wrong, but wrong in violating laws it had agreed to and provoking reprisal and then making war to free the slave. The south was wrong in looking upon slavery as right, but right in resisting the manner of its abolition.

To illustrate the point, let us take Mr. Biglow. His grandfather owned some negroes who were an expense on his hands. There was no profitable work they could do in return for their food and clothing, and an occasional dose of physic. Mr. Biglow the elder, was a thrifty man and it vexed him sorely to find, on balancing monthly accounts

that the outgo on these slaves was greater than the income. Being of a thrifty turn as said, he cast about for a means of changing the situation. Having consulted his good wife and regretfully summed up the good shillings that had been invested in these black chattles, he with aneye to the mainchance, decided that he could not afford to free his negroes, and so lose all the cash paid out in their purchase. He remembered then, a half brother down in Virginia who had a tobacco plantation, and he had heard that slave labor was very profitable in the culture of the weed in that more sunny climate. His frugal mind at once perceived a chance to turn an honest penny and at the same time get rid of a costly bit of rubbish. Bunching his human chattles and considerably bonding them together with a good strong brotherly cord, he took them aboard ship and was soon diskering about pounds, shillings and pence with my ancestor Nicholas Klodstor, on the banks of the James. The bargain was struck, and grandfather Biglow was so pleased with the profit of the transaction that he fitted out a slave ship with the money, and so long as the law would allow it, coasted the dark continent for captives and sold them to the southern plantations. In course of time he accumulated a great fortune which he left to his son. This son cared well for his inheritance and invested it in stocks and bonds and banks and houses and lands which brought in a goodly income to the owner, and gave him leisure to look after the education and bringing up of his notable and worthy offspring Hosea. All the advantages that money could buy were lavished on the lad and being a youth of superior mind, the father was very proud of his boy when he came home the author of the honor poem of his school. You see he was of a sentimental and sympathetic turn, was my cousin Hosea, and as well, a man of excellent parts.

All of us have our disabilities. Had it been intended for us to look back and farward at the same time we would have had eyes also in the back of our heads. Cousin Hosea adopted, in its fullness, the Pauline practice of "forgetting the things which are

behind." The large means that had grown up from that sale of negroes to my ancestor, obviated the necessity of his working for a living, and gave him freedom to indulge in poetry and sentiment and away from home philanthropy. He was enjoying the purchase money of the slaves. I was at the same time enjoying their labor in the cotton field. It seems to me there is very little difference in the morality of the two cases. I inherited the slaves, he inherited the price of them. I took the proceeds of their labor, immediate; he took it filtered through several layers of enchanting distance.

But cousin Hosea was a lover of sentiment. While he allowed my claim of purchase from his ancestor he repudiated the warrantee that sought to bind his heirs. He said man was more than constitutions; and though he chose to keep what man had once sold for, he was not going to rest till that man's descendants now in my possession, should be made free. He added a great many flourishes about the black man's rights and my villainous clutching of the clotted slave—whip, and how I was a traitor to humanity and all that. He joined a band for secretly spiriting away what his grandfather had sold as chattels; he incited them, as far as in him lay, to deeds of murder and rapine. At last I resisted and was overpowered, bound and thrown prostrate while he did his pleasure. Not disclaiming my own share in a fault inherited from common ancestors does cousin Hosea carry less guilt?

The cause of the South may have been error, but not evil. No cause was ever evil sustained by such men as Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Slavery had its purpose in the Divine plan. The slave of sixty one was the highest type of his race. The negroes of the south were every way superior to the negroes of Africa. Slavery in contact with the white master was a schooling in civilization for the black man. Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom was a product of slavery. There were tens of thousands like him in the south but not one in his native country. Eva was also a product of slavery. She was the "missus" in fact of almost every plantation. The villain Leg-

ree was an exotic, made where the slave trader vessels came from. It was fit he should become a slave driver when he came south. Nine out of ten of true southern families abhorred the thought of selling off their slaves, there were too many kind and tender ties between them. It was a rare, almost an unknown thing to separate the negro members of the plantation against their will. The one tenth was less regardful of the feeling of the slaves and some of them were cruel and hard hearted, but slavery as a whole elevated the negro vastly above his fellow in his native land.

Yet in the plan of providence the time had come for freedom. To bring it about, the north violated all its agreements about slavery. The south thought this released it from other agreements on other things. The north said no with the longest sword, but that did not change its position as the aggressor. The south as a fraction of a common union was as right as the north the other fraction. On every ground except that of might, it was entitled to the privileges and advantages and beneficences of the restored government after the war. Its disabled soldiers were due equal pensions, its cemeteries equal care, its lonely wanderers the rest of the soldiers home.

However, he who takes might for his right is not going to look back of it for a reason. Too searching a scrutiny might bring condemnation on himself. The confederate gray jacket will have to be content with self conscious rectitude now, and the assurance of complete vindication hereafter. But he must speak up for himself and his children. They cannot be noble and great in achievements with a conscious feeling that their sires were unworthy or a whit less deserving than their opponents. In the brighter light of their own times the mistakes of the fathers may be discerned, but it will be easily seen also that to have acted otherwise than they did, at the time and under the circumstances, would have been to behave the craven, and cringe to continuous insults and blows only to be born by a degenerate manhood. The time will come when the whole north will glory in the fact that the South behaved the man and not

the craven in 61, and yet not glory the less in its own greatness.

This chapter might have gone on and on had not mine host here surprised me in the middle of a very pronounced yawn. A night's repose and a good breakfast freshened for a days ride which was speeded by an all around handshake and a copious lunch packed away in my traveling bag; not however, till I had promised to stop on my return, for a day or two. During this stay I gathered from time to time the story of my host's bit of romance, common to all youths between twenty and thirty, and also, of his after life in that heaven ordained sphere of the family; all of which may or may not be given the reader at a future day.



